

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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Mr. W. H. Knowles (Architect).

Duke of Northumberland.



Dean Kitchin.

King.

Queen.

THE LATEST WAY TO KNOWLEDGE: THE KING OPENING THE INNER DOORS OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

The ceremony of opening the new buildings of Armstrong College was performed by the King on July 11. His Majesty unlocked the inner doors by means of a gold key handed to him by the architect. The ceremony in the large hall is illustrated in the centre of this number.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE air is full of crash and collision; the Salisbury tragedy is followed by the misfortune of the motor omnibus and preceded by the disaster of the Highgate tram. A finger of fear is on our nerves. There have been so many horrible accidents that one is constrained to wonder whether there have been any accidents at all. Are these continuous events really only coincidences? There are several interesting theories on this subject. Mr. Maeterlinck, for instance, has a most amusing theory on the matter. He holds that it is possible for a group of human beings to rush into misfortune after misfortune merely because they lack the common human power of prophecy. According to this theory, foreseeing the future is a quite normal human function. The man who can prophesy is not exceptionally lucky. It is the man who cannot prophesy who is quite exceptionally unlucky. According to Maeterlinck, large numbers of quite ordinary people have an instinctive consciousness of calamities when they are about to occur, and thus contrive to avoid them. One or two people who have not this mystical prevision rush into calamity after calamity just as a blind man runs into one obstacle after another. There is considerable intellectual probability about this entertaining suggestion. There is some truth in the general notion that mankind is a race of mystics watching with a strange pity the blunders of its few materialists. Many people imagine that they are "sensible," and forget altogether that the word properly indicates a power of receiving impressions from without, many of which impressions they would themselves regard as transcendental or fabulous; the word "sensible" really means almost the same as the word "sensitive." Women are more sensitive than men; perhaps that is why they are more sensible. Many people, I repeat, call themselves sensible and take no account of this delicate and receptive side of sense. Many people say that they are sensible when they mean that they are insensible.

But this is a digression. Maeterlinck's theory of ill-luck (that it arises from this blindness and lack of instinctive prediction) can be made to extend to a whole family, like the House of Pelops or the House of Stuart. But it could hardly be extended to the whole of a nation at a particular time. It would, perhaps, verge upon the extravagant to suggest that the same mystical obsession rested upon the unhappy engine-driver of the Salisbury train, on the officials or occupants of the tram at Highgate, and on the poor people who were thrown out of the motor-bus at Handcross Hill. We may, then, dismiss in this matter Maeterlinck's peculiar theory of evil coincidences; others will prefer the theory of ordinary coincidences; urging truly enough that certain crops of coincidence are merely part of the general chances of the distribution of an enormous number of events. If you or I stood on a chimney-pot and scattered down on to the road seven thousand halfpenny stamps (I take a plain, homely example, such as might happen any day), and if having contemplated these, spread in a bright pattern on the pavement, we were then to throw down another seven thousand stamps, then it would not be astonishing that in one or two cases one stamp should fall on the other; in the case of so many being employed, it would be rather astonishing if one did not fall on another. If they all fell exactly in different places, the distribution would have a symmetry which would itself amount to miracle. And so it assuredly is in everything. If there were no coincidence, it would be the greatest coincidence of all.

But there is a third hypothesis, dark and drifting, and very difficult to express, which haunts the mind in the matter of such continuous calamities as these. I do not say that it is so, but it has often moved me with something like alarm to reflect that it might be so. It would be possible in the abstract for a whole nation or a whole civilisation to be growing silently and secretly more slipshod about its work. There need be no open or scandalous idleness or inefficiency; it is enough that each man should do nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of his work and not the one touch more. It is enough that every man who leaves off work at six should leave off at a minute to six. It is enough that every man who has to count two hundred sticks or straws should count a hundred and ninety-nine. Or it is enough that if a man is forced to give five blows with a hammer the last two blows should be mere tired taps. It is enough that if a man has to drive a car for four hours he should hardly drive it at all for the last four minutes. No kind of organisation, however perfect, no time limits, no tale of bricks can render impossible this subtle sort of shirking. This sort of shirking is always spiritual. To do one's work imperfectly in these small matters is always a secret sin, like solitary drinking. To do one's work perfectly in these small matters is always a secret virtue, like anonymous charity.

This importance of the indefinable extra touch of vigilance would apply of course to the very plainest enterprises; it would apply to the putting up of a paling. The man who had to cut the planks or stakes the same length would not cut them quite the same length; the man who had to lay them straight side by side would not lay them quite straight; the man who had to drive in the nails would drive one nail in crooked; and without any particular ostentation of mismanagement the paling would be so put up that it fell down on a child's head and killed him. But when we come from these simple operations to the complex operations of modern machinery or chemistry, every new wheel or new handle is a new opportunity for error; the exact sciences merely multiply the chances of inexactitude. There is not, and never has been, such a thing as labour-saving machinery; whatever is avoided in the form of automatic and untroubled human toil (as of men with spades or flails) is added on to somebody else in the form of some fiendish vigilance or morbid mental calculation. Modern science is, in its essence, oligarchical: it sets the few to hold handles or press buttons. There never was a time when everything so much depended on a few men doing their duty as it does just now. And there never was a time (oddly enough) when men were more frequently and openly told, by æsthetes, lady novelists, and German philosophers, that they need not do their duty at all. This is, indeed, the supreme absurdity of the modern world, that it imagines that it can introduce anarchy into the intellect without introducing anarchy into the commonwealth. It imagines that it can make its thoughts go crooked and its motor-cars will still go straight. It may be that you will never convert a cabman to anything; in which case all your modern philosophies and new religions are altogether thrown away; for the whole object of a religion or a philosophy is to convert a cabman. But it is equally certain that if you do seriously and solidly convert a cabman to Pyrrho-Buddhism, he will leave off driving his cab. And if you seriously and solidly convert the cabman to active Manichean Pessimism, he will run his cab into a lamp-post. And in the case of a chauffeur or any other scientific specialist, the work is so delicate, is so much a matter of balance and judgment and a recondite knowledge, that there is really nothing that will keep the chauffeur straight except the chauffeur's conscience, that is, the chauffeur's moral philosophy—a dreadful thought. That is why I can never agree with Mr. H. G. Wells, that admirable man, when he or others suggest that all morality is a matter of hypothesis and convenient assumptions rather than of fixed lines. I say that a man must be certain of his morality for the simple reason that he has to suffer for it. I must be certain that stealing is wrong because it is highly probable that I may some day have to suffer hunger without stealing sixpence. I must feel certain that murder is wrong, for I have to suffer all the agonies of not murdering Mr. Armour.

If it were only a hypothesis that murder is wrong, I would certainly chance it. All that I mean to suggest here, however, is this: that we should take very great trouble, and be constantly on the look out, to see that in the midst of all the machinery the soul of man does not go to sleep. If the soul of man does go to sleep, it will not only be bad for the soul of man, but it will be bad for the machinery too. Quick machinery worked by slow men will be slow machinery; efficient machinery worked by inefficient men will be inefficient machinery; exact machinery worked by inexact men will be inexact machinery; good machinery worked by bad men will be bad machinery. For there is nothing that is really cut off from man or really independent of him in the whole human world. All tools are, as it were, his extra limbs. The chair he sits on is only a system of wooden legs. When he lies on a bed he does not turn himself into a quadruped which (like the elephant) sleeps standing up. If any of these limbs or props of man were to fail him it would be a failure of man. When he invents the most fantastic monstrosities of mechanism, he is only turning himself, as it were, into a monstrosity, into a Briareus, or a centipede. The wooden railway signals are only the wild arms of man waving warnings to his children. The lamps of gas or electricity are only the innumerable eyes of man peering into every dark place and every corner of crime. His passionate pulse is throbbing in the pulse of every passionless machine; his nerves are tingling in the last faint filaments of thread or wire. All the mills of the world labour only because his brain labours; all the ships and cars only go swiftly because the swiftest thing of all is the ancient desire of the heart. If ever man is to die, these things will die long before him. So long as man lives and has human faith and hope, these things will in innumerable forms continually go forth from him. Let him bend more of his attention, more at least than he is doing at present, to the preservation of some permanent reason for living, some permanent thing worth fighting for. Let him take care of his philosophy, and his civilisation will take care of itself.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEWCASTLE.

KING Edward and Queen Alexandra are more fortunate than certain statesmen of great reputation in this country. Not only did they arrange a Newcastle programme, but they have carried it out to the letter, and have extended the area of the district with which they have come into personal touch since the King's accession. On Wednesday morning last week their Majesties, who had been staying overnight with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, journeyed to Newcastle by special train and were received on the platform by the Mayor, Alderman Joseph Baxter Ellis; the Sheriff, Mr. Johnstone Wallace; the Recorder, Mr. Atherley Jones, K.C. M.P.; the Town Clerk, Mr. Hill Motum; the Deputy Mayor, Mr. Councillor Beattie; and all the Aldermen. A beautiful bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley was presented to the Queen by the Mayoress. The Recorder read an address from the City Council, and the King, in the course of his reply, testified to his admiration for the extreme industry of the city, and conferred upon the chief magistrate "the honourable title of Lord Mayor." This is an honour that will be hailed with enthusiasm by the people of Newcastle, who are intensely proud of their city's steady progress. At a quarter to twelve their Majesties proceeded to Armstrong College, where Professor John Wight Duff acted as Master of Ceremony, and there was a vast concourse of spectators that refused to be driven away by the heavy rain. Their Majesties were received at the College by the President, Dean Kitchin, and the Principal, Sir Isambard Owen; and the architect, Mr. W. H. Knowles, F.S.A., presented a gold key to the King, with which his Majesty opened the door. Their Majesties then entered the large hall and took their places on the dais for the presentations. Among those presented to them were Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, Dr. Robert Spencer Watson, Mr. J. T. Merz, Professor Bradey, Professor Lebour, Professor Weighton, and Mr. E. H. Pruett. After the opening of Armstrong College, which, as we remarked last week, has been completed in memory of the late Lord Armstrong, their Majesties proceeded to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, which is close by, and has been built at the cost of £300,000 as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. They were received by Lord Armstrong, chairman of the House Committee, and Sir George H. Philipson, vice-chairman. In the course of the reply to an address that reminded his Majesty how, as Prince of Wales, he had laid the foundation-stone of the Infirmary in June 1900, the King said that the Queen and he agreed with pleasure to the proposal that two wards should be named the Edward VII. Ward and the Queen Alexandra Ward respectively. His Majesty also referred to the good work done in Newcastle by Dr. Oliver, head physician to the Infirmary. On leaving the reception-room the King and Queen passed to the front of the building, where the statue of Queen Victoria, presented by Sir Riley Lord, had been placed. This was unveiled by the King. Their Majesties lunched with the Mayor, who received the honour of knighthood.

PARLIAMENT.

MR. HALDANE made his statement on Army policy. He said he had been approached by many thoughtful officers who had asked him to reorganise the Army not for unreal things, but for war. That was the keynote of his policy, and with the help of the Army Council he had worked out a scheme which would result in increased efficiency of the British Army for fighting purposes by fifty per cent. The British Empire was such that our expeditionary force should be moulded for over-seas work: more costly, therefore, than in the case of a nation which has to defend itself merely within land. The people of this country would not be dragged into giving military service. But he believed in the possibility of making fuller use of the Militia principle. The Militia were cheaper than the Regulars, and at the same time could perform many duties now assigned to Regulars, such as Army service work, Army medical work, provision and ammunition convoys. The Militia must henceforth go abroad in case of an outbreak of war, and act as an expansion of the Regular Army. He proposed to reorganise the Army so as to have ready for mobilisation an expeditionary force of 150,000, instead of the 100,000 under existing conditions. About 13,000 garrison artillery could be released for service with the batteries necessary for this scheme, saving £300,000. There would be no reduction in the cavalry, but he would reduce the Guards by two battalions and the Line by eight battalions, thus saving £600,000 a year. The Volunteers would have real functions assigned to them, and would have more Home Rule. Sir Carne Rasch, in congratulating Mr. Haldane on his speech, said he had heard many speeches from many War Ministers. Most of them went up like the rocket and fell down with the stick. Mr. Haldane might disband the Army and hand the money over either to the Poplar Guardians or to the Battersea Dogs' Home, but if he did he and his Government would not last very long.

In the discussion of Clause 35 of the Education Bill Mr. Birrell accepted an amendment by Mr. Trevelyan enabling the local authorities to provide play centres in great cities, and promised to consider Mr. Balfour's suggestion that bookwork be excluded from the vacation classes. Strong argument from both sides of the House induced Mr. Birrell to agree that it should be obligatory upon the local authorities to provide medical inspection of every child on admission, and on other suitable occasions. An amendment in favour of the provision of scholarships was carried by 391 to 86 votes. The clause as amended was carried without a division. Clause 36, abolishing the teachers' register, was carried by 337 to 136.

The Musical Copyright Bill passed through Committee.

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The fine Steam-Yacht "St. Sunniva" from LEITH to the WEST COAST and FIORDS OF NORWAY, July 25, August 7 and 18. Inclusive fare from £10 10s. Four-bedded room, £34.
SIXTEEN DAYS' CRUISE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN, leaving LEITH, August 30, and Gravesend September 1. Fares from £11 11s., including first-class cuisine.
From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to ABERDEEN, CAITHNESS and ORKNEY and SHETLAND, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times in the week, from beginning of May to end of September.
ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's management. Comfortable quarters, Excellent Cuisine, and Moderate Terms. Grand Rock Scenery. Good Loch and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.
SHETLAND HOLIDAY TRIP, Eleven Days, all found for £6 6s., including a week at St. Magnus Hotel, Hillswick, from Leith every Monday.
Handbook and full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all branch offices; Wodlie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 1, Tower Place, Leith; and
CHARLES MERRYLIES, Manager, Aberdeen.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.

CANADA: New "Empress" Steamers, LARGEST AND FASTEST TO CANADA, Four days open sea. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from Liverpool.

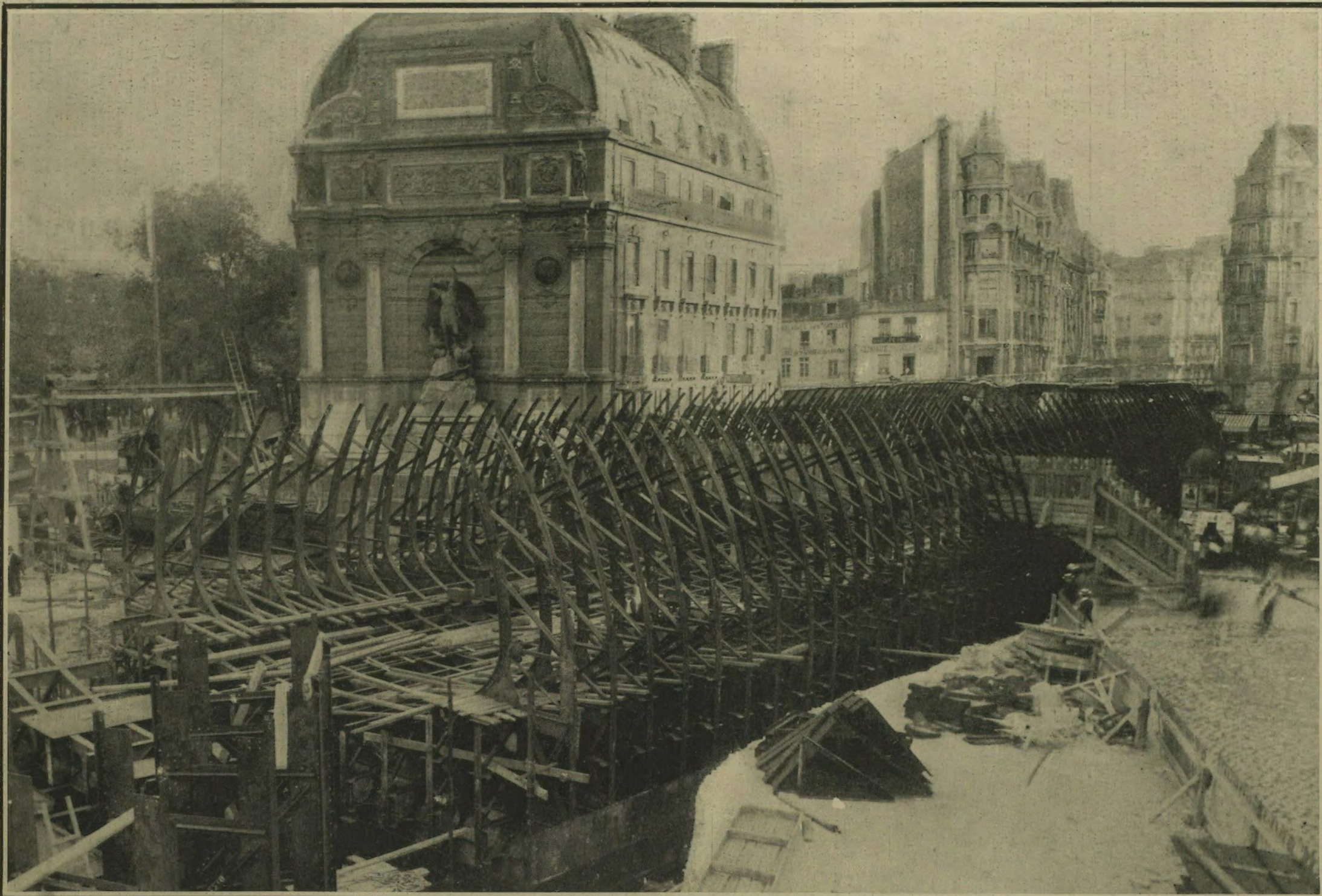
JAPAN (24 days), CHINA, AUSTRALIA. Inclusive fares from Liverpool via Vancouver.

RAIL TOURS: Some of the WORLD'S GRANDEST SCENERY is on the Canadian Pacific.

Apply to C. P. Rly., 62, Charing Cross, S.W. (facing Trafalgar Square); or 67, King William Street, E.C.

NEITHER WHALE'S SKELETON NOR THE FRAME OF A BATTLE-SHIP!

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRANGER.



THE NEW SECTION OF THE "MÉTRO" BEING CONSTRUCTED IN PARIS: PLACE SAINT-MICHEL AS IT APPEARS AT THE MOMENT.

Place Saint-Michel presents an extraordinary spectacle just now. To some it suggests a great dry dock with a vessel in course of construction, to others the skeleton of some giant creature of the sea placed in a modern road. The works illustrated are, as

a matter of fact, those of the new section of the Metropolitan Railway in Paris, more popularly known as the "Métro." When finished the new "tube" will be about thirty-nine feet high and between seventy and eighty feet below the surface of the road.

A NEW WATER GAME FOR THE RIVER SEASON.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



BOAT POLO FOR LADIES: ONLY ONE OAR TO GUIDE THE BOAT AND PLAY THE BALL.

The new game, which girls can play admirably, is full of excitement, and requires a great deal of skill. Only one oar is allowed to each player, who must make it serve to guide the boat as well as to play the ball. As the chances of a capsize are not small, the players are well advised to wear bathing-costume and to know how to swim.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Mr. Haldane's Reforms. On Thursday last Mr. Haldane expounded to the House of Commons his scheme for the reorganisation of the Army. He hopes to keep an expeditionary force of some 150,000 men ready for service abroad, and the force is to comprise four cavalry brigades, ten batteries of horse artillery and sixty-three of field artillery, with six divisions of infantry, each division consisting of three brigades. Of these men, 50,000 are to be with the colours in this country at the outbreak of war, 70,000 are to come from the reserve, and there are to be 30,000 men trained on a Militia basis. Mr. Haldane intends to disband in the course of the next few months two battalions of Guards and eight of Infantry of the Line, and he will reduce the establishment of the thirty-six batteries over and above the requirements of his expeditionary force to four guns in the case of half of the batteries, and two guns in the case of the remaining half. He hopes to effect considerable improvements in the ranks of the Militia, and to bring that force into closer touch with the Regular Army. The Militia are to be liable in future to be sent abroad in time of war, and Volunteers and Yeomanry are to be dealt with by new local associations which have yet to be created. The Secretary of State for War declared frankly that in respect of cost and organisation the state of the Army is quite unsatisfactory; he also declared that the financial situation requires relief, and that the democracies of the world desire reduction in the crushing burden of armaments. The British Government, he added, mean to give a lead in this movement for reduction. The Fleet

is relied upon to defend our coasts and the Army exists for war over sea. Upon this brief outline of Mr. Haldane's hopes and plans we offer no comment. The military experts will doubtless develop their critical faculty to the full, and many who are neither military nor expert will add to the burden of the discussion.

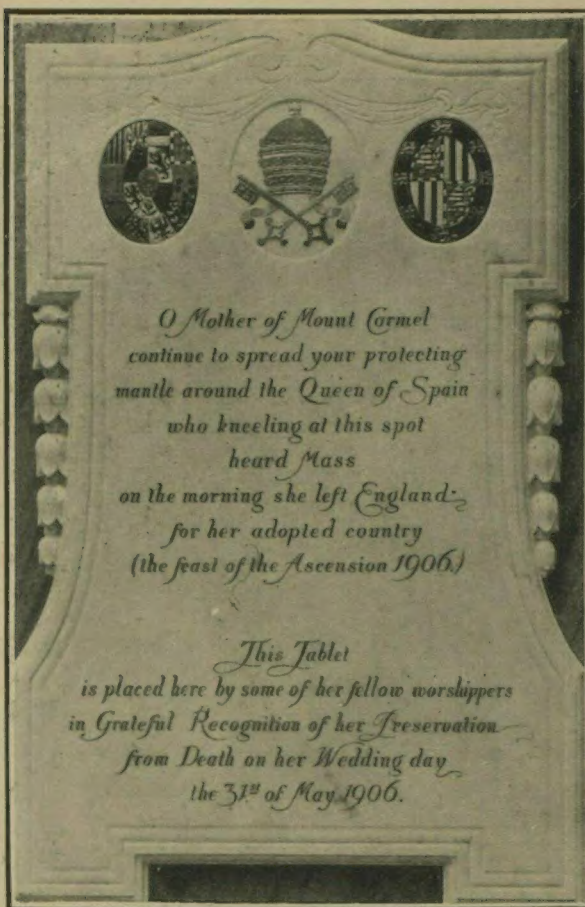
Portraits.

THE REV. THOMAS C. FITZPATRICK,
New President of Queens' College, Cambridge.

Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, has been elected President of Queens' College, in that University, and is one of the youngest men yet appointed to preside over a College. He was educated at Bedford, and matriculated at Christ's, where he obtained a first class in both parts of the Natural Science Tripos. He is University Assistant Demonstrator in Physics, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, and an examiner in Elementary Physics. His appointment is a popular one.

Mr. Samuel Moss, M.P., who has been appointed Judge of the County Court on Circuit No. 29, Chester and North Wales, in place of Sir Horatio Lloyd, is a Denbighshire man, and has sat for the Eastern Division of his county since 1897. He was born in 1858, and left Worcester College, Oxford, for Lincoln's Inn in 1880. He has served as Assistant Boundary Commissioner for the whole of Wales, and has published a book on the English land laws.

Towards the end of last week Sir Henry Montague Hozier, the Secretary of Lloyd's, resigned the important post he has held for over thirty years. Born in Scotland, he passed a great deal of his early life abroad, becoming an excellent linguist. He received part of his education at Rugby, and entered the Royal Artillery in the early 'fifties, obtaining a transfer to the 2nd Life Guards after service in the China campaign. In 1861 he joined the Staff College, and in 1864 went through the campaign



QUEEN VICTORIA'S ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION COMMEMORATED BY ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLICS: TABLET ERECTED AT THE CARMELITE CHURCH, KENSINGTON.

between Germany and Denmark. In 1866 he served the *Times* during the war between Prussia and Austria, and some years later was appointed assistant military



MR. SAMUEL MOSS, M.P.,
New County Court Judge.

secretary to Lord Napier of Magdala. In the Franco-German War he was Assistant Military Attaché at the German headquarters, and in 1874 he took up the position he has just resigned. Sir Henry has been long and closely identified with the Liberal-Unionist party, and contested Woolwich unsuccessfully before the Home Rule split. He is the author of several interesting books, including one entitled "The Breeding of Horses for Military Purposes," and received his C.B. in 1897 and his K.C.B. in 1903. The good wishes of a host of friends will follow him into retirement.

The Last of the "Affaire."

On Thursday last the Paris Court of Cassation gave judgment in the Dreyfus case, held that the innocence of the ex-Captain was established, found the verdict of the Rennes Court Martial "erroneous and unjustified," and decided that there was no necessity for a further trial. The infamous secret dossier was found to contain no more than a pack of forgeries that could have deceived nobody who did not wish to be deceived. On receipt of the judgment of the Supreme Court, the Prime Minister stated that the Government had decided to submit a Bill to Parliament providing for the readmission of Captain Dreyfus into the army and the readmission of Colonel Picquart. These Bills proposed by the Government were immediately adopted by the Army Committee. The one concerning Captain Dreyfus was voted by 473 votes to 42, while that affecting his brave defender, Colonel Picquart, was passed by 477 to 27. General Mercier, implacable to the last, endeavoured to suggest that the Court of Cassation had not taken all the facts into consideration, but he was cried down. On Saturday last the Official Journal promulgated the law reinstating Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart in the army with the rank of Brigadier-General, and ex-Captain Dreyfus with the rank of Major. It also published the decision of the Government to inscribe Major Dreyfus in the list of officers for the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The Public and the Motor-Bus.

There has been a serious outcry during the past week against the motor-bus. The catastrophe at Handcross, on the Brighton Road, where a motor-omnibus carried a company of tradesmen from Orpington to a horrible death, has stirred the public imagination, and the owners or tenants of old houses on the line of the motor-bus routes in town are complaining that the vibrations to which their dwellings are subjected are causing serious damage. Moreover, it is suggested that the benefit of the increased pace that the motor-bus brings about is more than counterbalanced by the noise, vibration, and the evil smell. On Monday Mr. Redmond asked the Home Secretary to bear in mind the fact that everybody considers motor-buses a nuisance and a public danger. As usual, Mr. Redmond does protest too much. The troubles associated with the motor-bus are not to be denied, but we must remember that it is in its 'prentice days, and that the troubles associated with the vehicles in their present condition are receiving earnest attention from those responsible for putting them on the market.

Egyptian Affairs.

Correspondence respecting the Turko-Egyptian frontier in the Sinai Peninsula was published at the beginning of this week, and in a covering dispatch Lord Cromer deals with existing conditions in Egypt. He holds that the present Government in Egypt is strong enough to stand on its own merits, and "to neglect the ravings of the Pan-Islamic Press," as long as public tranquillity is not seriously menaced. He concludes with the translation of an anonymous letter received by him from an Egyptian, who testifies to the moral and material benefits which Egypt has derived from the British occupation. At the same time, the writer points out that Mohammedans must be prepared at all times to respond to the summons of their ecclesiastical authorities. In other words, should a Jihad be proclaimed, every Moslem, whatever his personal feelings, whatever his gratitude to his rulers for the



Photo. Burden.

THE RECORD-PRICE RAM: THE LINCOLN SHEARLING CHAMPION RAM SOLD FOR 1450 GUINEAS FOR EXPORT TO BUENOS AYRES.



Photo. Chusseau-Flaviens.

AMERICA'S "EX-PRINCESS ROYAL" AND HER HUSBAND IN PARIS: MR. AND MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AT THE RACES.

measure of security they have given to him and his family, must always be ready to sacrifice everything to take up such arms as may be to hand, and to fight.

The late Mr. Alfred Beit.

Mr. Alfred Beit died on Monday at his Hertfordshire seat, Tewin Water. Considerable public interest has been excited by his death, because he is known to have been one of the wealthiest men in this country, perhaps in the world, and he made his fortune in South Africa in comparatively few years, and under circumstances of extraordinary interest. He came of a Jewish family, was born in Hamburg some fifty-three years ago, and went to South Africa as a young man. He was soon partner in the firm of diamond merchants known then as Porges and Company, now Wernher, Beit, and Company. He became associated with Cecil Rhodes, who had come out to seek health and fortune on the veld, and together with the Empire-maker and the late "Barney" Barnato he succeeded in cornering the diamond industry of South Africa. The story current of the first meeting of Beit and Rhodes is as follows: According to the latter, he called at Porges', and there saw Beit hard at work. Asked what "his game" was, Beit answered, "I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older." To this Rhodes is said to have replied, "That's funny; I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands." This they promptly did. Together with Messrs. Rhodes, Rudd, and Maguire, Mr. Beit started the British Chartered Company of South Africa, and helped to add Rhodesia to the British Empire. He aided railway extension in the new territory to the extent of putting down £500,000 for its promotion. He was concerned in the Jameson Raid and



Photo, E. H. Mills.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE MR. ALFRED BEIT: THE FAMOUS FINANCIER WITH A PET DOG.



Cecil Rhodes.

Alfred Beit. (Photo, E. H. Mills.)

MEN WHO WERE MADE BY SOUTH AFRICA AND WHO HELPED TO MAKE IT: THE LATE MR. ALFRED BEIT AND THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES.



THE LATE MR. ALFRED BEIT'S MAGNIFICENT MANSION AT 26, PARK LANE: THE WINTER GARDEN.

The interior of the late Mr. Beit's mansion is extremely beautiful, and on its walls are many masterpieces—Gainsboroughs and Romneys, Lawrences and Reynolds.

contributed close upon £200,000 to arming and provisioning the population of Johannesburg; and when the South African War came he and his firm were practically responsible for the fitting out of the Imperial Light Horse. A director of many companies and a Governor of Guy's Hospital, he was perhaps the most cultured of all the Rand magnates as well as one of the cleverest, and while it has been the fashion of a certain section of the Press to decry him, he has never lacked defenders among the ranks of those who have enjoyed personal relations with him of however slight a nature.

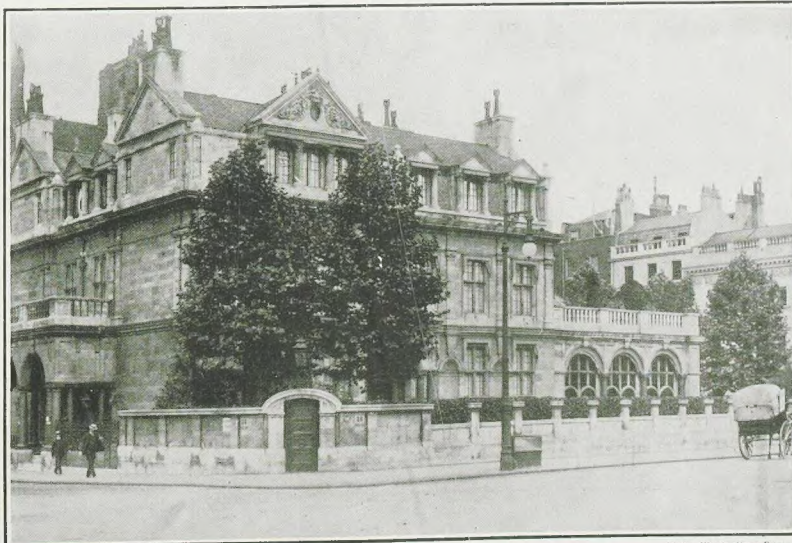
The Russian Reign of Terror.

The past week has been an anxious one in Russia, and for a few days there was every reason to believe that the

Tsar would be forced to form a Cabinet from the ranks of the Constitutional Democrats. At the time of writing another change seems to have come over the situation, and nobody cares to say what is going to happen next in a country where law and order are maintained at the point of the bayonet of a soldiery that is rapidly becoming disaffected. From his retirement at a foreign Spa, Count Witte has confessed that the immediate future is full of uncertainty. The Goremykin Cabinet has failed equally to conciliate the people and to strengthen the bureaucracy, and the unrest even in the capital can be gauged best by the fact that General Kozloff, a well-known Russian writer on military subjects, whose only offence is a strong personal resemblance to General Trepoff, was shot in the park at Peterhof on Sunday last. Admiral Chukhin, Commander of the Black Sea Fleet, has also been assassinated in Sebastopol. He fell to a shot fired by a sailor. In view of the critical condition of Russian politics, the visit of a British squadron to the Baltic will not take place.

The End of a Rebellion.

The campaign in Natal, which has been pursued very vigorously in the last week or so, doubtless in the hope that the strength of the rebels may be completely broken, has roused an extraordinary feeling among a certain section of politicians in this country. Rumours have been circulated to the effect that the natives have been denied quarter, and that the loyal levies of black men engaged to fight the rebels have been guilty of very serious crimes against humanity. Certain photographs that we publish this week may be taken to contain a sufficient refutation of charges that should never have been made against the authorities in Natal or their soldiers in the field without most careful preliminary



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CENTRE OF THE LATE MR. BEIT'S HOME LIFE: THE FINANCIER'S HOUSE IN PARK LANE.

inquiry. It is impossible to make war in kid gloves, and it must always be very difficult to deal with savages on the same lines that would be followed in fighting civilised opponents. At the same time we are justified in believing that the dictates of humanity are followed as far as they may be in dealing with men whose supreme contempt for physical pain and curious ethics of warfare are apt to make European methods quite misunderstood. The use of native levies is not to be commended at any time, but it has been found absolutely necessary in the present instance; and those who know anything of the black problem of South Africa, and have realised the seriousness of the situation with which the Natal authorities have had to deal, will suspend judgment until the fullest explanations are forthcoming from the seat of war.

SAFEGUARDING THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.



A PERILOUS MOMENT IN A PILOT'S CAREER: CLIMBING ABOARD A VESSEL ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOUR IN A ROUGH SEA.

A GLIMPSE OF ROYALTY: AN INCIDENT AT THE NEWCASTLE INFIRMARY.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEWCASTLE.



AN UNOFFICIAL VIEW OF THE KING AND QUEEN: MEMBERS OF THE INFIRMARY STAFF WATCHING THE ROYAL VISITORS.

As the King and Queen were passing along one of the galleries of the Infirmary, a group of nurses standing in a recess behind a curtain managed to steal an excellent glimpse of their Majesties. It was one of those amusing side incidents that not infrequently accompany such ceremonials.

THE DIAMOND GEORGE.

By BERNARD CAPES.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART III.—(Continued.)

"OFTEN I am hard set to bring him provisions, and then only when the soldiers are out scouring the country. A light gentleman, but inclined to grace. Sooth, how his beard grows! which makes him uneasy, I can see, when he languisheth at me from his nest like an owl's fledgling. These courtiers build so much on outer show. Richard hath a beard; yet I think he trims it. . . .

"To-day, the soldiers, hunting, came upon a corporal of their troop, murdered and stripped, in the woods. I marvel if that second man escaped had ought to do with it. Ah, me, what times! . . .

"Richard never tires to watch me handling of my bees; but to see that doughty warrior so fearful of the atomies, blenching if one lights on his hand, 'tis a sight for laughter. Yesterday I put an eke, and eke a nadir, to a hive or so, which we may call, without irreverence, their chapels of ease. Lord! how the man exclaimed to see my hands all blossoming of bees, and they as harmless as sweet buds! 'I had rather storm a stronghold of malignants,' says he. 'Pray, what is your secret?' 'The absence of any,' says I; 'which is a term for trust and confidence. They know I will never harm them.' 'What!' says he; 'not even to rob their stores!' 'Let others prevail with killing fumes,' I said. 'For me, I but "smoke" them, in the sense you town wits call beguilement. For bees are women, after all, and a very little vapour will turn their heads.' Then showed I him my tobacco-pipe, with its charge of crumbled puff-balls, and the stiff glove-finger for a cover to the bowl; and witness how I light the charge, and, pressing on the stop, do send a reek of smoke from the stem whithersoever I list, enough, and not more than enough, to swim into their brains with stupor. 'Now see,' I said, 'how they be the most sensitive of all creatures to atmosphere, flocking home when rain threatens, though the sky be cloudless; for no bee is ever caught in storm. Wherefore a little cloud unexpected is quick to stound them; and wherefore, if you would earn their faith, consult their niceties for climate, being neither hot nor cold, but dry and temperate, as we mortals like, and plenty access to water.' At which I led him to where a little tributary of our river, the Windrush, bubbles hard by, and showed him how the bees might light dry-shod to drink on pebbles, for naught will they thrive else, they nor their maggots. 'So all in all,' says I, 'a child with confidence and knowledge of their needs may handle them unhurt.' I took a swarm, by driving, as we say, from a congested hive, while he looked on at a distance; and I showed him how to gain the queen-bee is to gain all, the rest coming to cluster about her. But, Lord! he would not come so near as a bachelor might whom a wife invokes to dandle her infant. . . .

"I sink in deep waters; I lead a double life, who am single. Does Richard suspect? Alack! I think so sometimes. To-day he asked me, was it I he saw going to the barn, and in foul weather? But I feigned to be preoccupied with my thoughts, and made him no answer. Absence of mind is a good *alibi*; but once or twice must discredit it. . . .

"Richard this day, for the second time, asked me to wife. I refused him. How could I do else—a living lie, and he so truthful? Yet did that weigh with me wholly? Resistance, methinks, is the root of all pleasure. But there is no marrying in heaven.

I must not say nay once too often. Perhaps he will come to plead again, when. . . .

"Now, could any coil be worse! The troop must go before the man in the barn can go; the lie outstay the truth, to silence me. I think my heart will break upon it. I cannot say to Truth, Accept this lie for truth, I love whom I deceive. That star burns on my bosom, shutting him from it. O! why did this poor fugitive ever come to put a fence between us. Richard goes tomorrow for ever, and for ever and ever my love goes with him. If I could but let him know, before sped beyond recall, that indeed I harbour no deceit! For, so I am resolved, the fugitive shall be dismissed on his way, within few minutes of Colonel Blundel's departure on

for both, probably, but a few days' concealment and a brief God-speed; and then, by Fate's very irony, rivetted indefinitely to her secret by the unexpected arrival of the man most concerned in unravelling it, whose faith in herself, at the same time, she was most eager to vindicate.

Her diary shows how she suffered; but it shows conclusively also how well she was worth the winning.

Did Richard Blundel, that young soldier of rare achievement and statelier promise, guess? I think the sequel proves it. But, in the meanwhile, loving yet suspecting her, he must have been in near as hard a case as she; and when his orders came to abandon the search and march elsewhere, that solution of the conundrum must have seemed to him, after all, the best.

We have no record of how she took his going, which was on a Sunday; but the after-incidents are clear enough. She flew, within a few minutes of it, to the hay-mow, and, calling down her charge, thrust the "George" into his hand, pointed out his way, and bade him begone. She was like a Fury. He would have lingered to pour out his thanks, to call her saint and heroine, to sicken her with some gallant flummery of passion sanctified by gratitude. She would have none of it. She bid him off with such contempt that he could only gasp anew at woman's perversity. He went away through the woods as he had come, shaking his noddle over the ineradicable conventionalism of the sex, which could see no virtue in a three-weeks' beard. It may be a comfort to latter-day Jacobites to recall that he succeeded in getting clear away, and in restoring the "George" to its owner.

Prudence, having dismissed him, returned to the house; packed off Nance the sprightly to church (nothing loth, indeed, for existence without man was become an anomaly); saw her invalid father comfortable, and wandered out into the beegarden, with her yellow cur at her heels. She had her tablets and her pencil with her. Some wild idea was in her brain that she would, she must, send a message after her love—recall him to the truth, now that she could speak it.

But even so, in a little, reflection killed her madness. She could not speak the truth and spare the fugitive to whom her truth was pledged. To put them now on his track were only to beg the truth. She was a lie, and must accept for ever the wages of falsehood.

Going up and down, in her grief of abandonment and abandonment to grief, her accustomed eye noticed that a hive, from which the bees for days had been hanging, was on

the tick of swarming. Instinct drove her to prepare against the exodus, and sorrow, in the work of her hands, to obtain some surcease of itself. She ran for a bucket, a couple of empty skeps, and some iron skewers, with which she returned to the hive, purposing to foreclose upon the swarm and capture it. She was engaged in disposing these in readiness, when she heard a sound behind her, and, looking round, saw that a man had stolen upon her unawares. He was a huge, burly, smiling creature in the uniform of a Parliamentary trooper, and for one insane moment her heart sprang to the thought that he was the bearer of some message to her. But, even in its rising, she had uttered a little cry, and was facing round upon the intruder, white and trembling. And then at once she knew. Before her, though disguised, was the second of the two fugitives who had early and voluntarily taken himself off her



"Do not speak or move, or they will sting you to death."

his. And what then? O, crass fortune, to put truth in my mouth too late! Shall I send after him? Alack! it would make him reckon me cheap, who holds me now so dear. I shall die, I see, a weary maid."

PART IV.

It appears, when all is said, that Prudentia let her rejected Colonel go without a word confessed of her true feelings towards him. The girl was in hard case, indeed. To have betrayed her sweet charity to sweeter love! Who, being woman, could hold her charity unjustified of such a heresy? Yet she was never one to take her stand on the meanest of the cardinal virtues, though she was named after it. Consider her state, pledged in a moment of impulsive womanliness to the screening of a malignant and the safe-keeping of a costly jewel, foreseeing nothing

[Continued overleaf.]

NORWAY'S HEIR AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE FJORDS AND SAETERS.

STEREOGRAPH (COPYRIGHT) BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



PRINCE OLAF FÊTED BY THE COUNTRY PEOPLE ON HIS WAY TO TRONDHJEM.

As the royal party were proceeding to Trondhjem to the Coronation, the country people made a great deal of Prince Olaf. At one of the farms he was taken charge of by a little girl, who led him about and showed him the animals. The Crown Prince was greatly delighted with a kid.

hands; and more than that. Her woman's intuition caught the truth flying. *Here was the murderer of Corporal Tremonger, and dressed in the dead man's clothes!* Her heart beat to suffocate her in the leaping panic of that recognition. She stared at Luke, and Luke smiled down on her.

Now a word is necessary to elucidate the psychology of that amiable bombardier. It all touched, to speak outright and at once, upon the acquisition of a diamond "George," under circumstances abnormal enough to justify any craft or violence in its procuring. With this object Luke, having failed to secure the personal custody of the order (whose wealth and sparkle, brought so near to himself, had half-turned his avid brain), had dropped behind the flight, abandoned his horse, and followed Mr. May, with the intent to rob and murder that trustee out of hand. Accident preventing this, and the care of the jewel being transferred to another, it was even his plainer course to follow that other—on the perilous pretext of exploring—and seize and escape instantaneously with the coveted prize. But again baulking circumstances, driving him to skulk in the woods, put a long interval between his lust and its possible realisation. He had not failed, in the moment after his victory over the Corporal, to discover that Mrs. Prudentia's house was suddenly occupied by troopers, securing her from him tenfold, or to realise that he himself was become once more a burrowless, hunted beast.

Well, at least, if the fact kept him out, it kept Mr. May in. That gentleman, and necessarily the jewel with him, must lie hid close away until the coast once more was clear. But on that very instant, when it arrived, he, Luke, must rush to forestall the other, and securing what he desired by fraud or force, disappear with it. He knew well enough that the girl could not afford to raise a hue and cry on him. His stolid persistence in any idea was generally founded on reason. When one came to know his smile, one recognised it for the mechanical expression of doggedness.

In the meanwhile, he set himself laboriously to such devices for evading detection as were possible to him. He knew that in all such matters a shred of disguise, if it hung on a body of self-confidence, was enough to deceive nine-tenths of humanity. He buried the dead man under leaves, after donning all his outer harness—tunic, boots, sword, cuirass, and pot-helmet; which last, having ear-bows of steel, gave him quite the air of a rollicking baby. He then painfully sawed off his beard, and rasped down what was left into a flock of coarse stubble. Thus trimmed and attired—or reattired, for his apostasy must be remembered—he was even in a position to encounter the seekers after himself; which, it is to be believed, he actually did in a solitary instance, though, luckily for him, they were late recruits, to whom his person was unknown. For there was one little fact, unguessed by his confidence, which might, if revealed, have spoiled the whole measure of it, and that was that the trooper in charge of the party quartered at the house was none other than his old officer, Colonel Blundel.

Now, how his persistence won through; how he made a victim and a host of a charcoal-burner, just cured of his Jacobitism by Worcester, and used the man for his spy, reporter, and whatever else, on threat of denouncing him; how he heard thus of the discovery of the dead body, and was something awed thereby into a closer coverture; how at last the news was brought to him of the impending departure of the troop—all this, loitering to a hurried conclusion, must be accepted in parenthesis. The important point was that his stubborn tenacity had brought him in the upshot, and at the very psychologic moment he had foreseen and counted on, into Mrs. Prudentia's bee-garden. No occasion could have accommodated itself better to his purpose. It was Sunday; the place was deserted; it was not in reason to suppose that Mr. May had been bidden to flight, while yet his enemies were gone but a furlong or so on their road away from the house. From some coign of secret espial he had witnessed

their departure, and, lingering awhile to make security more secure, the subsequent steps of the church-going maid. The mistress of the house remained alone at his mercy, and the "George" was his.

He saw, on the instant, that she recognised him; but he would not forego for that the formula which, during these long days, his stolid brain had been devising and getting by heart.

"I'm to say from the Captain, Mistress," he said; "that if you'll hand over the jewel he's got wind you've kep' in hiding, he'll consent to overlook your deceit to him and say no more about it."

She breathed whitely a little, then forfeited the last title to her name. Her frank, sweet eyes withered him.

"You are lying," she said quietly. "You have not come from him. I know who you are, a malignant and a murderer."

He had neither the capacity nor the knowledge

did not realise her act—thought only she meant to strike him, and burst into a loud coarse laugh. That wryed and darkened on his face in a veil of settling bees. He yelled and stood still.

"Do not speak or move," she choked, "or they will sting you to death."

He stood, stricken and motionless, a rigid but palpitating horror. No need to urge him to silence. A piercing dart or two were quick in convincing him of its necessity. The cloud circled faster and thicker, with a roar like surf. Soon his whole head was submerged. The swarm hung down from it like a pendulous brown beard, crawling and alive in its every strand. Only, for his salvation, it left his mouth free, for bees do not like the human breath, especially of villains. Luke Bittern was fairly caught by the head for an hour or two.

Then, pallid and half fainting, Prudence took out her tablets, wrote thereon, "Come back at once: I am sore beset," tore out and folded the leaf,

tied it with her garter (she was quit of observation) into Dagger's collar, and bid the brave cur to carry it God-speed to her retreating Colonel. The intelligent little beast understood at once—they all could talk with Prudentia—and shot like an arrow on his errand.

I have no heart to discuss the interval. I think it was even a more terrible one to the girl than to her tortured assailant. I know that she played the part of a woman throughout it, holding by the scotched brute who had sought to destroy her, lest he should faint and fall, and, without her accomplished hand to win away the swarm, suffer the last awful retribution.

Suddenly she knew that her Richard, with half-a-dozen troopers, was in the garden; and, with a whimper like a shot rabbit's, she ran and collapsed into his arms.



She ran and collapsed into his arms.

for finesse. The failure of his formula left him bare. He took off his steel bonnet, took a rag from it, wiped his red brow, and set his teeth at her in a grin.

"You'd better give it me," he said, "or it'll be the worse for you."

Suddenly he had dropped the helmet, and seized her by her wrist. The man was vile. There is no knowing what supplementary villainy his consciousness of his own strength and her loneliness was awakening in him. She saw at least some terrible purpose in his eyes, and shrank, but was not afraid. He had found her, though he did not know it, in the midst of her friends. The little cur whimpered. At that moment a bee stung him on the hand.

He released her, with a furious oath, and stepped back—only to get way for a more savage, relentless spring: that she recognised. Her opportunity, by God's mercy, came on the tick of fate. She did a fearful thing—Love honour her for it! The bees were swarming from the feed-hole, and she saw the queen emerge amongst them, and prepare for flight. In an instant she had stooped and secured the insect, and, running a step, settled it on Luke's head. He

They said that the victim, when at length released by the swarm flying, looked like nothing human. Nor, declared the Colonel, had he any right or title to. But Luke came round presently, being morally and physically a pachydermatous body; and, lo! he walked straight out of a very hot frying-pan into a fire even more destructive. For his features were no sooner restored to him than Blundel recognised them for those of a certain renegade trooper of his own, while others were as positive that the clothes he wore had once encased the limbs of a corporal since dead. It did not much matter, desertion to the enemy, sufficing alone for a capital offence; and Luke met with the end he merited at drum-head. But he made an attempt first to retaliate on the witness principal for the prosecution, daring her to deny that she had at that moment the "George" in her possession.

"And hast thou, mistress?" said Blundel, canvassing her hardly.

"No, on my faith," she replied in a swooning voice; and that answer was recorded final on the minutes.

But the sequel to it was for private ears.

"Tell me, dear sweetheart," says he by and by, "when is the whole truth to be mine?"

"Now and for ever and ever," she answered. "But you would not have had me speak this part of it before so many gentlemen."

Then, her conscience being quit, she would have confessed all to him; but he stopped her, saying "No; while I counter you in sophistry. For this is a parenthesis in my duty, for which no doubt I merit to be called to task by my superiors. For my orders having been to march, I had been long miles away by now; wherefore to act in this place, being commanded from it, were to transgress my duty. So whatever happens here, happens beyond my ken, as it were."

"Well, it hath happened," she said.

"Then I am too far off to prevent it," said he.

"Still are you very close to me," she said, smiling, and wet about the eyes; but of his answer to that she had no certain information.

THE END.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



THE KING OF SPAIN AS A TRICK RIDER: HIS MAJESTY ALFONSO XIII. DESCENDING A FLIGHT OF STEPS AT LA GRANJA ON HORSEBACK.

His Majesty is as daring and as good a horseman as he is a motorist. Only a few days ago he rode one of several Irish horses that were being shown to Queen Victoria and himself down the steps of La Granja.

[STEREOGRAPH (COPYRIGHT) BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK]



PRINCE OLAF'S "NEW BIG UNCLE," THE KAISER, IN NORWAY DURING HIS INFORMAL VISIT TO KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD.

The Kaiser's visit to King Haakon and Queen Maud was, not strictly in order, for it might have been expected that his Majesty would have awaited the new King's formal visit to Berlin before calling upon him himself. The Norwegians are much pleased at his Imperial Majesty's show of cordiality.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY WERNER.]



A NEWSPAPER ARMY IN ACTION: THE FIRST SHOOTING SECTION OF THE COMPANY ORGANISED BY THE "SPECTATOR."

It will be remembered that the "Spectator" argued that young men of average intelligence could be turned into infantry soldiers not less efficient than the best infantry of the line in six months. The company it raised to prove its contention is but four months old, but it has already done much to justify the hopes of its founders. It held its first field-day on Friday of last week.

[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.]



MAKING AN ARMY IN FOUR MONTHS: LORD DUNDONALD INSPECTING A COMPANY OF "SPECTATOR" MEN.



OUT-OF-WORKS AS SONS OF THE SOIL: LONDON'S "LAND-GRABBERS" ERECTING THEIR TENT AT PLAISTOW.

Fourteen unemployed "seized" some three acres of a disused gravel-pit at Plaistow on Friday of last week and proceeded to make a camp with the aid of rough poles and an old tarpaulin. They then began to divide their time between digging up the ground, under the direction of a "minister of agriculture," and going round with the collecting-box. The Manchester camp sent them a note of congratulation.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK.]



LABOURS' REST AFTER LABOUR: THE "LAND-GRABBERS" IN REPOSE ON THE GROUND THEY "SEIZED" AT PLAISTOW.

REMBRANDT AS ETCHER OF THE HIGHEST-PRICED PRINTS IN THE WORLD.

THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN HOLLAND.

THE date of Rembrandt's birth is still a matter of debate, but July 15, 1606, is that accepted by the people of Holland for the celebrations in which they have just been engaged. These are not all commensurate with the occasion, or so it occurs to us in glancing through the programme. One is disappointed, of course, that it does not contain an exhibition, on a comprehensive scale, of the artist's work. But that was not to be expected. In such an ideal manner of celebrating it, this tercentenary was forestalled by the great exhibition in the autumn of 1898, when Queen Wilhelmina was crowned, to which the public and private collections of the world contributed. To attempt to repeat it would have been useless. The most that it has been found possible to do in this direction now is to bring together some of the more recently identified paintings of Rembrandt, and a few which have not been seen hitherto outside of private galleries. These, about a score in number, including the portrait of Saskia discovered a few months ago in the possession of Mr. van Wageningen, at Jelsum, are on view in Leyden, along with works by Jan Steen, Gerard Dou, Van Goyen, and other painters born in that town. For Amsterdam, again, in addition to the opening of a new Rembrandt room at the Rijks Museum, there have been various interesting reminders of his long residence in that city. If some of the other ceremonies appear less relevant, that only marks



THE REMBRANDT ETCHING, "OUR LORD BEFORE PILATE."
(Sold at the Holford Sale, 1893, for £1250.)

changes in art as in all other things, and it would perhaps be possible to exaggerate, as it might not have been ten years ago, his influence in current art movements. But the fact remains that, looking both to the practice and to the appreciation of painting, there is no greater force to-day than Rembrandt.

The first thought, therefore, at this moment, when the contrast between his present renown and past neglect is so sharply defined, is the injustice of Rembrandt's destiny. The next is about how to explain it. The researches to which we have referred have brought to light many new facts, but these do not so much give fresh information about his life as remove certain erroneous impressions derived from previous knowledge of it. Tradition, it would seem, was wonderfully right about the facts, however wrong it may have been in the character of Rembrandt which it deduced from them. To us to-day they make very clear the nature of the man—passionate, wayward, affectionate, generous, easy, and at the same time uncompromising—and it is not difficult to imagine how it and the circumstances of his life acted and reacted disastrously on one another. The point on which we seek understanding is not the temper of the man, but the scope of his art; and the difficulty which confronts us is not the wide appeal it makes now, but its evident failure during his lifetime, and even for long after his death, to make an appeal at all to any save a few. The unpopularity of Rembrandt as a painter among



THE REMBRANDT ETCHING, THE LARGE
"PORTRAIT OF COPPENOL."
(Sold for £1350.)



THE REMBRANDT ETCHING, "PORTRAIT
OF EPHRAIM BONUS."
(Sold at the Holford Sale for £1950.)



THE RECORD-PRICE PRINT: "REMBRANDT WITH
A DRAWN SABRE."
(Sold at the Holford Sale for £2000.)

the fact that the recognition of the great Dutch master has become "popular," and runs a danger accordingly of being a little vulgarised. This is the ironical comment of Time on Rembrandt's history. For it is significant that these natal celebrations are the first of the kind with which Holland has honoured her greatest genius, and in the reproach lying in that fact other countries must share. A hundred years ago Rembrandt was wrapped in the oblivion into which, after a season of unparalleled popularity, he fell towards the close of his life. So far as we know, there has existed throughout these three hundred years no memorial to him in his native town. It was in 1852 only that Amsterdam erected the monument in the Rembrandt Plein. When his memory was not neglected, his reputation was prejudiced. The slender and not always trustworthy story told by his contemporaries had been fancifully puffed out by others who associated with them, and in the pages of later writers it became something of a myth. But all this has been changed. A German, Edouard Kolloff, lifted the veil a little in 1845, and soon the painter's compatriots, and particularly the eager and patriotic Carl Vosmaer, had pulled it well aside. The piety of two generations of Rembrandt's countrymen since then has more than made up for the earlier neglect; and to the illustrious monument to the painter which they have raised busy hands in

Rembrandt's progress to dominion over the minds and imaginations of men and women in general. Fashion

his contemporaries is the remarkable fact. And it is not made more explicable by insisting that he was a product of his time and country, unless it is remembered also that as great art is in its nature both prophetic and interpretive, Rembrandt was in advance of his time and the people among whom he developed it.

So that, while Rembrandt's art is Dutch, and is not to be understood without reference to Holland and unless considered as a triumph of the spirit of her great age, it is likewise true, of course, that the Dutch had no reasoned consciousness of possessing that spirit. Their history in the sixteenth and also the seventeenth century affords abundant proof of that; and one can see therefore how they failed to recognise their own quality in the painter's work. And though to us now it may appear that that work at least held within itself its own explanation, this is not really so. Rembrandt was not a great systematic artist, moving easily and surely within a well-defined circle, with self-possessed knowledge of his powers and his limitations. He was, on the contrary, a great experimentalist, and to the end was seeking for something that evaded him, and this sense of aspiration lingers about his most self-satisfying works. And this it is, of course, which gives his art its intimate and poignant quality. But it accounts, perhaps, for the narrow appeal in his own day no less than for its wide appeal now in ours.



THE THIRD MOST EXPENSIVE PRINT IN THE WORLD: REMBRANDT'S ETCHING,
"CHRIST HEALING THE SICK," CALLED "THE HUNDRED GUILDER PRINT."
(Sold at the Holford Sale for £1750.)

DISASTERS REAL AND COUNTERFEIT.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS VIEWING THE
WRECKED ENGINES.



THE CROWD WAITING TO SEE THE RESULT
OF THE COLLISION.



ONE
OF THE
ENGINES
BLOWING
UP.



AFTER THE COLLISION: A NEAR VIEW OF THE DAMAGED ENGINES.



THE ENGINES BEFORE THE COLLISION.

THE COUNTERFEIT: A RAILWAY ACCIDENT ORGANISED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF 70,000 PEOPLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAILOUI.

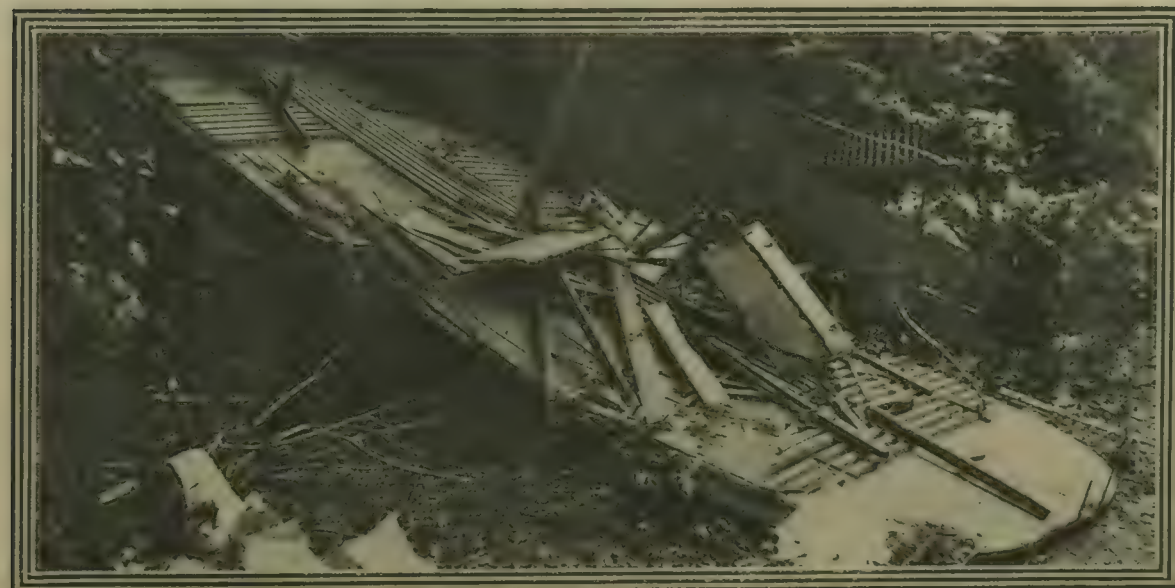
In order to give the public some idea of a railway disaster, a counterfeit "smash" was recently arranged at Brighton Beach, New York, and two engines were allowed to collide while running at full speed. On the whole, comparatively little damage seems to have been done. There were 70,000 spectators.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE WRECKED 'BUS.



THE "STRIPPED" FLOOR.



THE SHATTERED TOP OF THE 'BUS, WHICH WAS THROWN OVER THE HEDGE NEAR THE POINT
OF COLLISION.



THE TREE AGAINST WHICH THE 'BUS STRUCK,
AND SOME OF THE WRECKAGE.

THE REAL: THE TERRIBLE VANGUARD MOTOR 'BUS SMASH ON HANDCROSS HILL.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 4 BY FRITH; THE OTHERS BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

There is no need, now, to give details of the terrible motor 'bus disaster on Handcross Hill. Our Illustrations, coupled with the fact that ten people lost their lives, are sufficient to prove its completeness. The precise cause of the accident is not determined, and it is doubtful whether it ever will be.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

MAN evolved language for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, and was so successful that even now, when an author uses language for the purpose of expressing, not hiding, his thoughts, he often fails. I have heard of a science called "Sematology" (I think) which aims at making language more exact and less of a delusive will-o'-the-wisp.

But as the Sematologists themselves have to use language for the expression of *their* thoughts, and as they have a way of getting into metaphysics, there is no use in trying to understand them.

At this moment I am a contrite sufferer from the extremely bewildering nature of modern English. In a new and famous book on points wholly caviare to the general, I found the author, an eminent savant, making a statement which seemed to contradict all that he had already told us. I read his page again and again; I could only make one meaning out of it. What is more, another student who usually differs from my opinions about the matters in question (savage marriage laws), understood the savant's words in exactly the same sense as I did, but thought them "all very capital," and, indeed, they suited his opinions.

Naturally, I poured out vials of criticism in specialist holes and corners. Then, last week, the illustrious man of science came forth with a long essay, in which he expressed wonder rather than indignation. How could I say such things about him, what could my motive be? It turned out that he meant the precise reverse of what he seemed to me to mean; and, what is more, his real meaning, when he had explained it, could be found in his words. When once I was told what he meant, I could run his meaning to earth. This kind of discovery is a shock to a person who has a taste for fairness, and finds that he has been busily misrepresenting another author. All is due to the success with which language, even when perfectly grammatical, conceals our thoughts.

In the same discussion, the victim of my misunderstanding, B, quoted a passage from my paper in which I mentioned A as the authority for certain facts, and then went on to say that I spoke of *himself*, B, as the authority. This was perplexing in a high degree. But the confusion was caused (as the Athenian fleet was saved from destruction) by the presence of a comma, in this case standing where it ought not.

In another instance, historical, a critic said that I had entirely misconstrued a passage in a document of about 1560. If he were allowed to alter the punctuation, and also to suppose that the old author wrote his narrative on two separate pieces of paper, one of which is now lost, the critic's view of the matter would be seen to be correct. But I really could not give in to these suppositions. These misapprehensions are endless, and do infinite mischief, in politics and in private life. But I think it is a mistake to accuse people angrily of misrepresenting us. Nobody, or next to nobody, means to "bring a railing accusation falsely." People do not always express themselves with entire lucidity, and critics fail to construe their native language correctly, just as errors are made in translating the dead and foreign languages.

There was room for misapprehension when a lady of my acquaintance, a most intelligent person, but given to slips in her parts of speech, said to the late Dr. George Macdonald, the poet and novelist, "Dr. Macdonald, I do so much admire your beautiful 'Before and Behind.'" All authors like praise, but Dr. Macdonald was puzzled. In fact, the lady meant "your beautiful *Within and Without*," a poem. The mistaken phrase reminds me of a stanza from an ode to the moon, by a poetical lady's-maid, quoted by Mr. Ross in the *Academy*—

Oh, beautiful Moon!
When I gaze on thy face,
Career among the boundaries of space,
The thought has often come to my mind
If ever I shall see thy glorious behind.

In the same paper, Mr. J. A. MacCulloch writes about "death-bed wraiths" among savages—the false appearances to men of a friend who is dying at a distance. These wraiths are known among the Maoris of New Zealand. But Mr. MacCulloch does not give a pleasant case in which the wraith was premature. The husband of a Maori woman had gone on the war-path. One day he entered her hut, and then vanished. The accepted belief was that he must be dead, and the lady entered on a second union. At the close of the campaign the husband returned home in perfect health, but he had not a legal word to say against his wife's second marriage. The appearance of his wraith had been as good as an official announcement of his death, in Maori opinion. That opinion certainly encourages the seeing of wraiths by married people.

The University Match, contrary to all hope, proved to be a spirited affair. Sent in to make 422, Oxford actually got 324, there or thereabouts. The innings of the last wicket, Mr. Martin and Mr. Curwen, was a glorious spectacle, never to be forgotten by the fortunate spectators. A tall, broad-shouldered, blonde young man, Mr. Martin hit like a Viking, if we can imagine Grettir or Gunnar going in last to save a match. Fortune proverbially favours the brave. One does not call Mr. Martin "lucky" because two or three possible catches were missed, or, in one case, not attempted, the ball was travelling too fast for anyone but an Ulyett. But his wicket had a charmed life; the ball went as near as possible without hitting it. If Mr. Wright (79) had not made one mishit, Oxford might have been victorious after all. The last men had no timidity: it is over-caution that makes bowling doubly difficult. Mr. Curwen, who went in tenth, played a beautiful innings, and was not out both times. Why was he put in so late? Cambridge was much superior in bowling, though for Oxford Mr. Udall was very good.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

R BEE (Colsterworth).—Another way of solving your problem is 1. R takes P (ch), etc. The idea, however, is too simple in itself for publication.

J SMITH (Colchester).—If you will favour us with your full address, we shall have pleasure in examining your problem with a view to publication.

W FLEMING.—The first move must be limited to one square.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3239 received from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur, India), V C (Cape Town), and Girindra Chandra Mukherji (East Bengal); of No. 3242 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), J Martin (Toronto), and F R J; of No. 3243 from Albert Wolff (Putney), Manuel Nubio (Valencia), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J Smith (Taunton), and F R J; of No. 3244 from Albert Wolff, R Percy Styleman (Dulwich), S J England (Woodford), George Trice (Deal), H W Bick (Camberwell), A W Hamilton Gell, Hereward, Reading Society (Corfu), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Manuel Nubio, J Smith, and E Mills (Colchester).

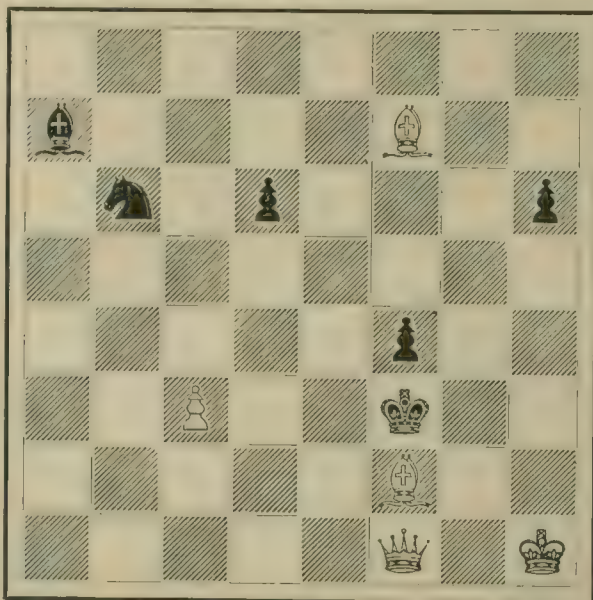
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3245 received from Shadforth, R Worters (Canterbury), E Mills, Hereward, H W Bick, E J Winter Wood (Paignton), Stettin, J D Tucker, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Albert Wolff, F Waller (Luton), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), J Smith, P D (Brighton), R Eaton (Leeds), F G Young, and F M Hope (Greenwich).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3244.—By T. R. KNOX.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to Kt 4th Any move
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 3247.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN BELGIUM.

Game played in the Ostend Tournament between Messrs. SÜCHTING and BLACKBURN.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 4th	18. Q takes Kt	Q to B 4th (ch)
2. P takes P	P to K 3rd	19. K to R sq	Q R to K Kt sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B takes P	20. R to B 3rd	Q to K R 4th
4. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Q to Q 2nd	R takes P
5. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd	22. R takes R	B takes R
6. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt	23. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K to Q sq
The opening promises a lively game, but it cannot be said to favour Black.			
7. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q 4th	A critical situation, but Black's Bishop is invaluable in the defence of his King, who soon finds a secure square. Once that is gained the game is over.	
8. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	24.	K to B sq
9. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 4th	25. Q to B 3rd (ch)	B to B 2nd
10. Castles	P to K R 3rd	26. P to K R 3rd	Q takes P (ch)
11. Kt to B 4th	P to K R 4th	27. Q takes Q	R takes Q (ch)
This advance proves effective enough, but it was scarcely met in the proper way.			
12. Kt to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. K to Kt 2nd	R to R 5th
13. B to Kt 5th	P to R 5th	29. B to Q 3rd	B to K 4th
14. P to K 4th		30. R to Q Kt sq	K to B 2nd
Probably White expected much from the opened King's Bishop's file after his next move; but this is a mistake. B takes P is a safe defence.			
15.	R P takes P	31. P to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
16. B takes P	Kt takes Kt	32. R to K B sq	R to Kt 5th (ch)
17. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	33. K to R 3rd	K to Q 3rd
And in a few moves White resigned.			

Another Game in the Tournament played between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and BURN.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q to Q 2nd	
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	A move of singular strength. It not only keeps up the pressure on the adverse Queen, but adds the threat of B to R 6th.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B to B 6th	R to R 2nd
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	The merit of White's play is enhanced by the skill with which the defence is conducted.	
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	19. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
6. P to K 3rd	Castles	20. P to K 5th	Kt takes P
7. Q to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd	Choosing the least of the evils before him, he virtually secures three pieces for his Queen, but is badly left for the ending.	
8. P takes P	P takes P	21. R takes Q	R takes R
9. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	22. B to Q 5th	Q R to Q 2nd
10. Castles	P to B 4th	23. Q to K 2nd	R takes B
11. P takes P	P takes P	24. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
Black is now left with a very weak centre, upon which is based the clever attack that follows.			
12. Q R to Q sq	P to Kt 3rd	25. R to Q sq	B to K Kt 5th
13. B to Kt 5th	K to Kt 2nd	26. R takes R	B takes Q
14. P to K 4th	P to Q 5th	27. R takes Kt	Resigns.
15. Kt takes P		This beautiful game will repay the closest study.	
16. R takes P	P takes Kt		
	B to B sq		

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WHAT ARE OPSONINS?

HAVE you heard of *opsonins* and the *opsonin* theory? If not, then I must endeavour to make you acquainted with the leading features of what must be regarded as one of the most interesting and remarkable discoveries which recent years have witnessed in the domain of germ-science.

In order that we may understand clearly the basis of these opsonic researches, I shall have to take my readers back to a piece of what is now somewhat ancient history in science. Metchnikoff, the famous bacteriologist, many years ago startled the scientific world by informing us that the white cells or phagocytes of our blood were independent living beings, and that, in virtue of the duties which life had devolved upon them, they attacked and, if possible, ate up and devoured disease-germs which had gained admittance to our bodies. In many lower—that is, invertebrate—animals, they were certainly seen to discharge this duty; and, from all we know of human functions as well as those represented in our nearest animal neighbours, there is no reason to doubt that a similar action is carried on by the white blood-globules.

Metchnikoff has always sturdily held out for the independent power of the white blood-globules to effect these germ-slaying duties. Other observers laid stress on the fluid in which they float, that fluid which is the real blood, the colourless lymph or serum as it is called. Some authorities held that there was a something in the blood-fluid, which, acting as a kind of stimulant to the white blood-cells, enabled them to perform their work. Yet another party decided that the blood-fluid itself had (and it certainly does possess) germ-killing qualities.

I have said that no doubt exists that the white blood-corpuscles, which exist by millions in the vital fluid, possess powers of pushing themselves energetically through the walls of the fine blood-vessels, and, like microscopic octopi, altering their shape and crawling towards their foes, the invading germs, engaging them in deadly combat. If the battle is to the blood-cells, we escape infection; if it goes to the bacilli, we become infected by the disease. Now, is it possible to conceive that in any way there might exist some relation between the blood-fluid and the white blood-cells, whereby the work of the latter was strengthened? Or might it be that the healthy blood-fluid itself acted on invading germs, and so far allied itself with the white blood-cells as to assist the latter in more easily overcoming their enemies? The answers to these somewhat important queries are furnished us by the "opsonin" theory. Let us, therefore, proceed to sketch the main outlines of this hypothesis, which, one may remark in passing, like every theory which is worth looking at, seeks to connect and explain the facts which science has discovered.

It would seem that in 1903 two investigators, Drs. Wright and Douglas, saw reason to look further afield into the matter of the white blood-cells and their germ-killing work, and to inquire into the possibility of there being other conditions at work in the microbe-slaying process. What they did was to make a clear and practical distinction between the blood-fluid and the corpuscles (white and red) which float in it. The white blood-cells they contrived to separate out so that they could keep them in an independent fluid medium, while similarly the blood-fluid, serum (or plasma), was obtained free from white blood-cells. Now taking an emulsion of disease-producing microbes and bringing the white blood-cells in contact with the germs, there was no destructive attack by the former on the latter to be witnessed. It would seem as if hostilities had been suspended for the time. But then came a telling fact. If blood-fluid was added to the microbes and white blood-cells, some special change or condition was produced, in virtue of which the blood-cells proceeded to attack their germ enemies. What did this fact point to? The reply is, that, as some of Metchnikoff's rivals had said long ago, the white blood-cells cannot of themselves wage war against microbes, but assisted, encouraged, stimulated, call it what we will, by a something in the blood-fluid, they were able to discharge fully their duties as important sanitary officials.

Naturally, this discovery led to a further and a more rigorous investigation of the constitution of the blood-fluid. We are told that the substance or thing in the blood-fluid which is needed to bring about germ-destruction by the white blood-cells does not act as a stimulant to them. More interesting far is it to find our investigators telling us that these substances attack the germs and in some way prepare them for the easy victory of the blood-cells. This, indeed, is why they are called *opsonins*, from the classic term for "laying the table" or "catering for." If this be so, then, with the eye of scientific faith we may see in the action of the opsonins a process somewhat resembling that of cooking food. The microbes, in other words, seem to be rendered less resistible when they have been half-cooked or parboiled, as it were. The extent to which destruction of the germs goes on may thus be said to give a clue to the amount of the opsonins which are present in any given case.

Coming now to the practical results of such researches, we may readily see how opsonins of various kinds may be used in the cure of disease. Suppose that, in the case of tuberculosis, the power of the white blood-cells could be judiciously stimulated by opsonins so as to enable them the more effectively to attack the bacilli of the disease, we might then find an aid to cure of the highest importance, and this is actually what is being done, in its experimental stage at least. Much will remain to be worked out before the full value of the opsonic treatment is discovered, but we are at least justified in saying even now that it points the way, as it is, to some all-important ways of strengthening the body's natural means of defence against disease-attack.

ANDREW WILSON.

MAKERS OF BULLS'-EYES AT BISLEY:

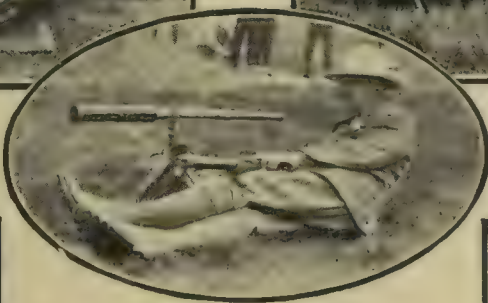
WINNERS AT THE RIFLEMAN'S MECCA.



WINNERS OF THE KOLAPORE CUP:
THE CANADIAN TEAM.



WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON CHALLENGE
SHIELD: THE DOVER COLLEGE TEAM.



WINNER OF THE EDGE, THE
WIMBLEDON CUP, AND THE
HOPTON AGGREGATE: CAPTAIN
RANKEN, 6th V.B. ROYAL SCOTS.



WINNERS OF THE BRINSMEAD SHIELD:
H.M.S. "WILDFIRE" TEAM.



WINNER OF THE WALDE-
GRAVE: MR. H. R. SYKES,
N.R.A.



WINNERS OF THE HUMPHREY CHALLENGE CUP:
THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM.



WINNERS OF THE ASTOR CHALLENGE CUP:
THE STOCK EXCHANGE RIFLE CLUB TEAM.



WINNER OF THE BASS: MR. M. BLOOD, I.R.A.



WINNERS OF THE ELCHO SHIELD:
THE ENGLISH TEAM.

The members of the Stock Exchange Team are as follows, reading from left to right: F. G. Carter, C. E. Fidgeon, G. H. Fidgeon, R. Griggs (back), R. Inglis, W. B. Billingham, and W. W. Fielding (front). Mr. Billingham was not firing in the competition.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2, 4, 6, 7, AND 9 BY GALE AND POLDEN; 1 BY KNIGHT; 3, 5 AND 8 BY BOWDEN BROTHERS.

SOCIETY CRICKET: THE RIVAL SCHOOLS AT LORD'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN BROTHERS.



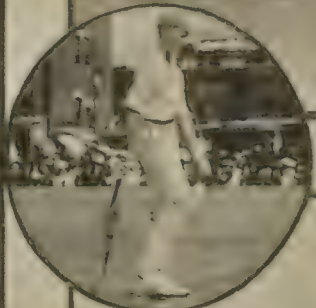
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLAY—HARROW BATTING



ETON, THE WINNERS, GOING OUT TO FIELD.



HARROW, THE LOSERS, GOING OUT TO FIELD.



M. E. H. CRAKE
THE HARROW CAPTAIN



M. D. R. BRANDT (2 & 32)
& M. M. FALCON (3 & 79) HARROW



M. N. C. TUFNELL (2 & 0) &
M. C. CHATFIELD (22 & 0)
OF ETON, GOING TO THE WICKETS



THE RUSH TO THE PAVILION AFTER ETON'S VICTORY.



DURING THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.

IN MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE STATUE AT NEWCASTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMPSON AND LEE.



THE KING UNVEILING THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN FRONT OF THE NEW ROYAL VICTORIA INFIRMARY.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

After the King had opened the new Infirmary buildings his Majesty unveiled the statue of Queen Victoria in front of the main entrance. The statue has been executed by Mr. G. J. Frampton, R.A., who was congratulated by the King upon his work.

THE CASKET MADE IN ARMSTRONG COLLEGE
BY THE NEWCASTLE HANDICRAFTS COMPANY.
PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

THE EXTENSION OF ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

Duke of Northumberland.
Lord Mayor of Newcastle's.

Earl Carrington.

Lady Owen.

Duchess of Northumberland.

Lord Armstrong. Lady Armstrong.

THE CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS FROM
THE CORPORATION OF NEWCASTLE, PRESENTED
TO THE KING.



Professor J. W. Duff.

Dean Kitchen.

King.

Queen.

Earl of Carlisle.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE, DEAN KITCHIN, READING THE ADDRESS TO THE KING IN THE LARGE HALL.

King Edward opened the new buildings of Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on July 11. His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Queen, was received at the entrance to the College by the President and Mrs. Kitchen, and by the Principal and Lady Owen, who were presented by the Lord Lieutenant. The King then unlocked the inner door, and passed through to the large hall, where he took his place on the dais. An address was read by the President on behalf

of the Governors and Council. To this his Majesty replied, as he did (in writing) to the address from the Board of Professors and the address presented by the President of the Students' Representative Council on behalf of the students. The King next declared the buildings open. Professor John Wight Duff, M.A., Professor of Classics, acted as Marshal of the Ceremony. The casket presented to his Majesty was made by Messrs. Reid and Sons.

PRO-ZULUS' FRIENDS AND FOES: LOYAL AND DISLOYAL NATAL NATIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FARQUHAR STUDIOS.



A SALE OF LOOTED CATTLE AT GREYTOWN, WHICH WAS ENCIRCLED WITH BARBED WIRE AGAINST A RAID BY BAMBAATA.



UMBOTSHWA (LEGAL ADVISER), SIKATI (OFFICIAL WITNESS), SAMBOZA, FUNIZWE (CHIEF), MAGWABABA (REGENT), AND UMTWALO.



UNYONIYEZWE (CHIEF OF THE AMABOMVA TRIBE) AND SIBINDI (REGENT), WHO HAVE BEEN ASSISTING THE NATAL TROOPS.



USGUPU, WHO WARNED MAGISTRATE CROSS OF HIS DANGER AT IMPANZA.



COLONEL LEUCHARS' PUNITIVE EXPEDITION LEAVING GREYTOWN; SHOWING THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY AND THE UMVOTI MOUNTED RIFLES.

ARE WOUNDED NATAL REBELS PROPERLY TREATED BY THE BRITISH?

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE THAT THEY ARE.



WOUNDED REBEL PRISONERS RECEIVING THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE COLONIAL TROOPS: SHOWING SIGANANDA HAVING HIS FOOT DRESSED.



A GROUP OF THE REBELS WHO SURRENDERED AT N'KANDHLA, WHERE SIGANANDA WAS ALSO CAPTURED—ALL OF THEM OLD MEN.



A GROUP OF OFFICERS WITH THE CAPTURED CHIEF SIGANANDA, WHO IS SAID TO BE A CENTENARIAN, AT N'KANDHLA, THE SCENE OF HIS SURRENDER TO COLONEL ROYSTON.



PROOF POSITIVE OF BAMBAATA'S DEATH: THE DEAD CHIEF IN HIS GRAVE.



THE GUARD OVER THE BODY OF BAMBAATA: THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY.



MAJOR H. T. PLATT ATTENDING TO SIGANANDA'S INJURED FOOT AT N'KANDHLA.

The statements made in various places that captured rebels had not received proper medical treatment at the hands of the Colonial troops, and that, in fact, neither side had given quarter, are amply disproved by the photographs here given, which show the white doctors tending the wounded enemy. The story that Bambaata's head had been cut off and exhibited round the country has been denied. The head was cut off, but merely because the whole body was not in a state to be moved for the necessary identification. The head was ultimately buried with the body.

Our photographs were taken at N'Kandhla by H. W. Armstrong.

RODJESTVENSKY'S TRIAL: AN ECHO OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

Photo by H. B. Shaw.

Admiral Rodjestvensky.



ADMIRAL RODJESTVENSKY AND FOUR OFFICERS OF THE "BIÉDOVY" ON TRIAL BEFORE THE NAVAL COUNCIL OF WAR AT CRONSTADT.

Admiral Rodjestvensky's demeanour made a profound impression on the Court. He wished that all responsibility for his surrender and the loss of the "Biédovy" should be placed on him, and that none of the other officers should be accused.

The Court acquitted the Admiral, and condemned the other four officers to death, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

UNDER THE EYE OF THE WHITE IMPIS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



A NIGHT ATTACK FRUSTRATED BY THE SEARCHLIGHT—A STRIKING INCIDENT OF THE NATAL REVOLT.

IN THE HANDS OF THE SHARKS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SELLING HIS HERITAGE.

The Healing Value of ELLIMAN'S is too firmly established to need pressing!

ELLIMAN'S Universal Embrocation on account of its curative properties can be relied upon as the best remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat from Cold, Neuralgia from Cold, Cold at the Chest, Chronic Bronchitis, Backache, Cramp, Wounds, Stiffness, Soreness of the Limbs after Cycling, Football, Rowing, Golf, &c. 8½d., 1/4, 2 9, and 4/- See the R.E.P. Book, HUMAN Treatment.

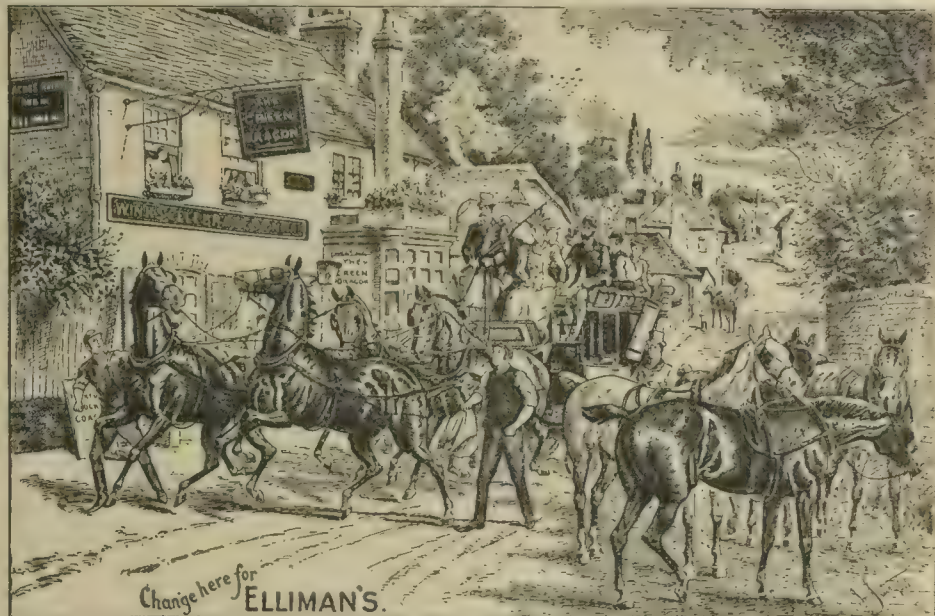
THE SUFFERING OF ANIMALS may be alleviated, and in many cases a complete cure effected, by following the Rational Treatment given in the E.F.A. Book, 193 pages, Illustrated, cloth board covers.

THE ELLIMAN FIRST-AID BOOK. Animals Treatment, 4th Edition, completing 270,000 copies, commands the COMMENDATION of PRACTICAL HORSEMEN and OWNERS OF ANIMALS generally throughout the World, by virtue of the Rational Treatment it affords in cases of Accidents to, and Ailments of HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS, and BIRDS. See the E.F.A. Book, ANIMALS Treatment.

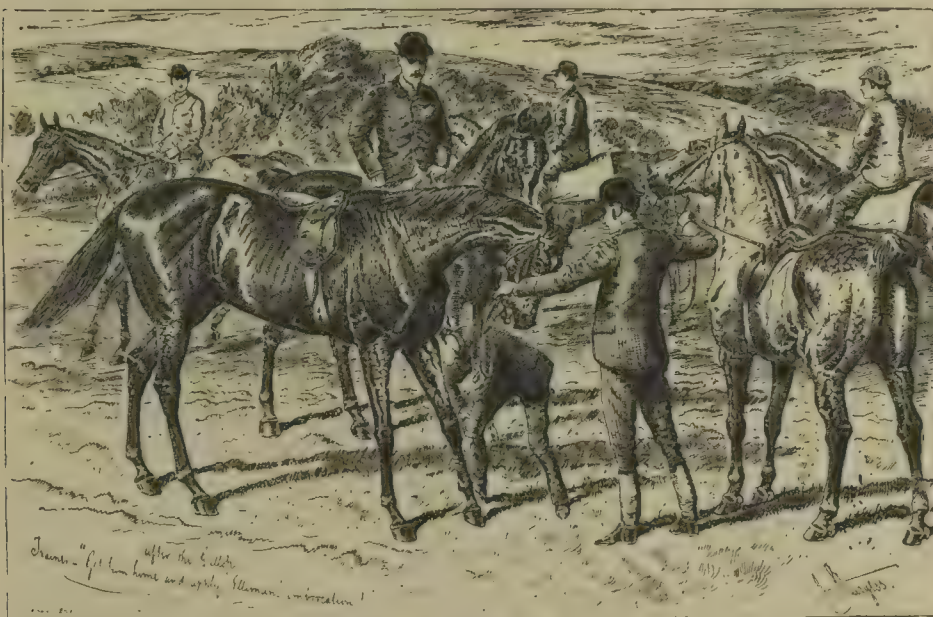
Each Book One Shilling post free to all parts of the world (foreign stamps accepted), or upon terms to be found upon labels specially affixed to the outside of the back of the wrappers of bottles of ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION (Animals), and ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION (Human Use). Address: Elliman, Sons, & Co., Slough, England.



LEADER WANTS SOME OF THAT ELLIMAN'S.



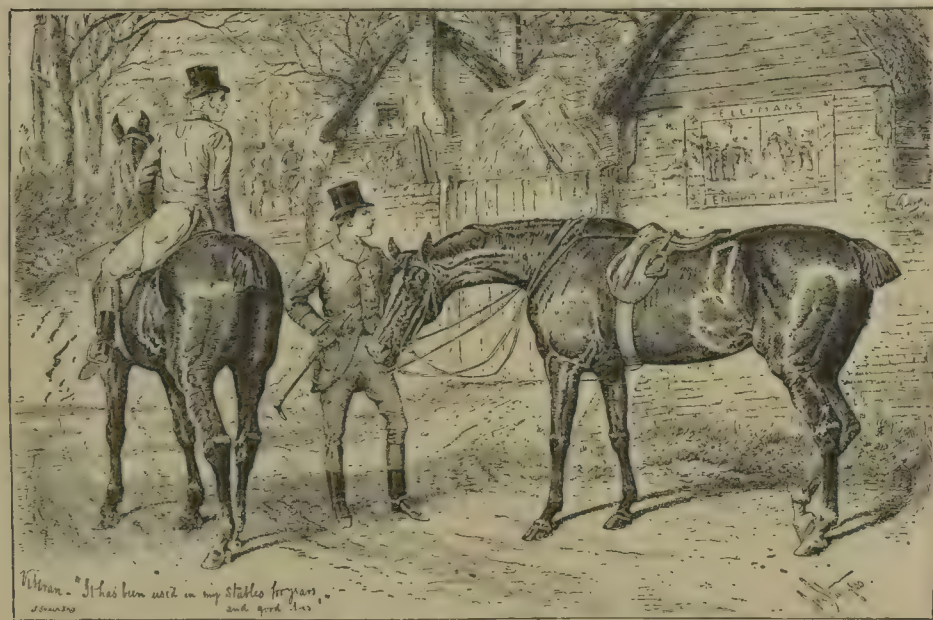
CHANGE HERE FOR ELLIMAN'S.



AFTER THE GALLOP. TRAINER: "GET HIM HOME, AND APPLY ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION!"



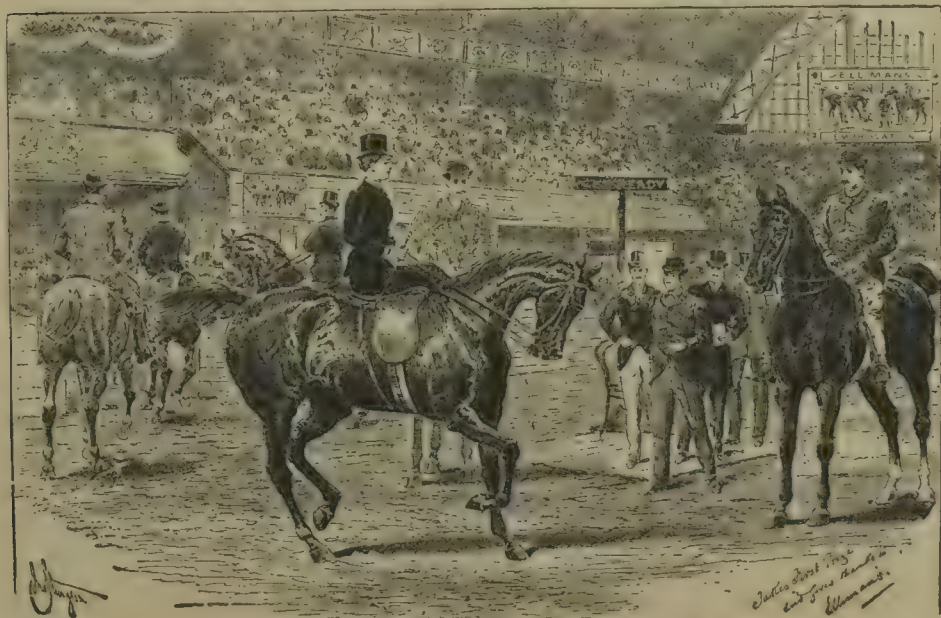
ELLIMAN'S SCORED AGAIN!



VETERAN: "IT HAS BEEN USED IN MY STABLES FOR YEARS, AND GOOD IT IS!"



ELLIMAN'S USEFUL TO FIREMEN.



TAKES FIRST PRIZE AND GIVES THANKS TO ELLIMAN'S.



SERGEANT: "ELLIMAN'S I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!"

LADIES' PAGE.

NO more delightful event has taken place this season than the Royal Horticultural Society's show in the gardens of Holland House. Of course, the superb display of blossoms would have been a joy anywhere, but the interest of the locale greatly added to the charm of the occasion. The gardens of Holland House are wonderful; in the midst of Kensington, at what has now become almost the centre of London, there are these extensive grounds, with glades overshadowed by fine old trees, meadows from which loads of hay are carried, rose avenues in full bloom, and rockeries, besides a formal old-world garden still cultivated on the "ribbon" principle so much admired by early Victorian gardeners. Friends who live at Hampstead declare that they cannot grow roses, but the gardener of Holland House succeeds splendidly with them, presumably because he chooses the right kinds: the hybrid teas, the Lord and Lady Penzance roses grafted on sweetbriars, and the effective though unpretentious "Rosa Rugosa," made a fine show in the garden, besides the "rambler" roses of sorts climbing over pergolas and helping to clothe the old red brick walls with beauty. Mary Countess of Ilchester not only allowed the Horticultural Society's show to be held in these beautiful grounds, but also permitted the public to visit them at a small charge in the evening, the proceeds to be given to the Gardeners' charitable institutions. It was like a smart and pleasant garden-party. The hostess herself, with her son, Lord Ilchester, and his charming wife were out a long time amidst the company. The Duchess of Connaught, in mourning for her mother, and the Duchess of Portland, in pale blue muslin, were among those present.

Holland House has associations which its present cultured owners have shown that they thoroughly appreciate. The Life of Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the house, has been issued by Lord Ilchester, and reminds us that haymaking took place in these grounds a century and a half ago, for King George III., then in his virtuous and susceptible youth, fell in love with Lady Sarah as he saw her making hay once and again in the grounds of Holland House as he rode by



A NOVELTY IN CHECKED MATERIAL.

A fine black-and-white check taffetas has the corsage made in original fashion with many strappings of the material over a blouse of white broderie Anglaise. The crown of the hat is broderie, and the trimming the check.

to Kew Palace. He told her how he loved her on the very same day that he finally consented to marry Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, and so dashed poor Lady Sarah's hopes for ever. There was no Royal Marriages Act then to prevent a member of the chief family of the realm from wedding a commoner; the Act was passed later, at the instance of George III. himself, when his brother had married Lady Waldegrave; possibly his own sacrifice of his choice to considerations of State made the young King harden his heart against allowing love to prevail in such exalted station.

Earlier still Addison lived here as the husband of the Countess of Warwick of his day. But the really

interesting association of Holland House is with the Lady Holland of the early years of the nineteenth century, whom Moore and Rogers, and the rest of the men of letters of the day, knew so well. A curious person indeed was she! Every story about her is odd, from the one told by Lady Munster of her seeing (when as a child she had lunch at Holland House) Lady Holland's feet washed in a foot-bath during luncheon time, "her usual habit, whether there were guests or not," to Moore's many tales of her peculiarities. He once found a guest going away as he went in to dinner, having been peremptorily ordered off by Lady Holland to make room for somebody else whom she preferred. Any number of people had standing invitations to meals, and if they came in undue numbers, Lady Holland would just call out—"Make room there at the other end of the table!" and concern herself no more. "It will have to be *made*, for there is none!" one of the guests once complained. She interrupted men in their talk, ordered them to perform all sorts of almost menial services for her, and was rude and dictatorial to everybody; even Lord Holland used to be dragged out of the room in his invalid-chair at her command, he shouting as fast as he could as he went to get finished the sentence which he was beginning when the footman received his lady's fiat to remove his lord. She seems to have had no tact or care for anybody's feelings. Without the least intention to be anything but comfortable in speech, she called back Mr. F. Leveson-Gower as he was leaving the room behind a handsome friend, to say to him, "Never mind, Frederick, looks are not everything!" Yet, with all this, everybody liked and courted and attended on her. Originality, after all, is like salt in the savourless dish of Society. It is that Lady Holland whom Holland House will ever recall.

Judgment has now been delivered in the case of the Edinburgh women University graduates who claimed their right to vote for the Member of Parliament representing the University. There is, it appears, an Act of Parliament specially providing that "every person" whose name is on the list of graduates, and who is "of full age and not subject to any legal incapacity," shall receive a voting paper and be entitled to one vote in the Parliamentary elections. On this three ladies who have taken the degree of Master of Arts, Miss Nairn, Miss Simson, and Miss Melville; one who has gained the Bachelor of Science degree, Miss Macmillan; and one who has her medical degrees, Miss Inglis, have sued the officials of St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities for failing to send them voting papers as qualified persons. These ladies are representatives of the general body of Scotch women graduates, several hundreds of whom exist, and practically all of whom are in favour of this franchise movement. Their counsel urged that "neither property nor sex had anything to do with the qualification in this case. Inside the University the qualification was education and intellect; any person who had the brain power to become a member of the University possessed the qualification for this franchise." Opposing counsel quoted an English Judge's dictum that women are "incapacitated from exercising any public function," to which the rejoinder was that "the very Judge who gave this opinion received his office from Queen Victoria, a woman who was exercising the most important of all public functions." Counsel for the ladies claimed that "a person," as defined by Webster's Dictionary, includes women, the definition being "a living, self-conscious being, as distinct from an animal or thing, a moral agent, a human being." It was all useless, however; the Judge decided against the women University graduates, and added insult to injury by the assurance that they ought to regard it as a privilege to be excluded from voting—men wish to save them the trouble. The women who have taken degrees will be able to appreciate the compliment when they reflect that they are counted out of the Constitution in company only with male minors, paupers, criminals, idiots, and lunatics. It does seem slightly absurd, surely? The case will be carried to the House of Lords Appeal Court if funds are forthcoming.

Roses are very perfect this year, and the country is more than ever delightful when this is the case. The hybrid teas, mentioned above as being so successful in Holland House gardens, are the latest craze with rose enthusiasts, and have many advantages over the older hybrid perpetuals—lovely and desirable as they are, nevertheless. What châteline who loves her rose-garden but knows and delights in the pale purity with a touch of pink in the heart of "Her Majesty," the exquisite depth of colour of "Ulrich Brunner," and all the rest of the class? The hybrid teas, however, are stronger to resist mischievous influences, delicious in perfume, and mostly last long and produce freely. "Caroline Testout," the delicious "La France," the full-hearted "Kaiserin Augusta Victoria," and the newest success, just awarded the special certificate of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society, "Madame J. Gravereaux," are amongst the best. The "rambler" roses that now make such a gorgeous display in all gardens where roses grow at all are a recent introduction; the "crimson rambler" came to England from Africa only about fifteen years ago, and already cultivation has produced for us many new varieties—pure white, pink, tan-shaded cream, and finally an American variety called "Hiawatha Rambler," which shows a rich red having a cream centre.

Elbow sleeves are probably the most distinctive feature of fashion this year. They are being used on the tailor-made gowns for the seaside, just as inevitably as on the lighter materials, for which the abbreviated sleeve, with its subtle suggestion of coolness, seems most suitable. It is not really so cool a custom as it appears, since we have not courageously abandoned gloves at the same time. The only difference really between elbow-sleeves and full-length ones in the gown for walking wear is that in the one case the lower part of the arm

is covered by a glove, while in the other case the dress material performs the same office, the latter being frequently, usually indeed, more permeable and altogether more comfortable than the suede or kid long glove. If the arm were left really bare, it would, of course, be cooler to have elbow-sleeves; but how few women really have a beautiful lower arm, the wrist and elbow not prominent, but prettily padded and dimpled, with a good slope from the one to the other, and a satiny surface to the skin! The red elbows, projecting wrist-bones, brown skin, and poor outline of too many arms is not charming, and, as fashion is necessarily more often devoted to concealing defects than to enhancing beauty, the long glove that covers the arm is still required, although elbow-sleeves should logically mean the arm left bare. Economy permits



A NEW CORSELET DESIGN.

This design, while shown in cloth, is equally suitable for silk. The corselet is finished in a novel way with bretelles continuous with the front of the skirt, on which are narrow striped revers. It is worn over an Irish lace blouse.

the use of a lace sleeve on the lower arm, but for the woman who really has a beautiful arm it is a good plan to have a lace top sewn on a short glove to don for outdoor wear, so that the arm is left uncovered indoors.

Bracelets are quite in fashion as the corollary to short sleeves. The large plain ring of gold known as "the slave" bracelet from its resemblance to a link in fetters, is useful to help hold up the long gloves; these rings are worn well up the arm near the elbow. They are rather tiresome to keep in their place, and need constant pushing up, but that is a more graceful and incidental action than pulling a glove back into place. Every sort of bracelet is wearable just now, except the heavy, clumsy, flat band of thirty or forty years' ago's fashion. Earrings are another revived form of ornament that is now very fashionable, and already quite long ones are being bought and worn. They are very becoming to most women. It is "barbaric" to pierce the flesh in order to insert a jewel, no doubt, but what does that matter? There are the screw earrings which fasten on the lobe of the unpierced ear, but these are not so freely hung nor so safe as the wire passed through the lobe of the ear. For full dress, fine diamond and pearl earrings have never ceased to be worn. The "swinging censers of light," as Oliver Wendell Holmes called long diamond earrings, have always been seen on those fortunate enough to possess brilliants of fine quality set in this form; that is to say, these have been donned for Court and for dinner parties and similar occasions; while one large pearl or diamond was usually worn in the day. But girls had given up the earring; their ears were not pierced. The fashion is gaining ground so rapidly that it is becoming necessary for those who want to be up-to-date to repair the omission. The pain is trifling, but no doubt it is greater when the firm cartilage of the full-grown ear is pierced than it is in childhood, and as earrings are never long out of fashion, it is perhaps as well for mothers to do as Queen Victoria did—have the girls' ears pierced while they are too young to mind.

FILOMENA.



One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that nearly all the members of the English sporting world are Odolians, a term invented to distinguish the people who use Odol regularly every day for cleaning their teeth. Sporting men are famous for their health, and it is their general opinion that Odol is as necessary to them in achieving this end as the exercise they get through in their life in the open-air. Their example should induce those who do not or are not able to enjoy a sporting life to use Odol regularly every day for their teeth as the first step to health. Odol not only cleanses the teeth but also insures them against decay.

Good Form

is impossible without good teeth. Odol secures this happy condition for you.



Odol is the first and only preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth which is absorbed by the teeth and by the mucous membrane of the gums, to a certain extent impregnating them, and so exercising its antiseptic and refreshing powers not only during the brief period of application, but continuing for some hours afterwards.

Odol has such a delicious taste and is so very refreshing.

NEW HOLIDAY FACILITIES.

PERCHED high "on the edge of the steep," Sheringham, with its straggling prominence, its typical Norfolk fishermen, its ever-obvious fishing-nets and clumps of lobster-pots, appeals to most tastes, situated as it is on a peculiarly bracing coast line. To one standing on the cliff, there is the sea on the one hand, while on the other, and only a few hundred yards distant, are shady, high-hedged lanes or heathery commons. Almost Devon-like is the country at the back of the little town. But hitherto Sheringham has not been too easy of access, for the journey by way of Cromer had to be completed by a coach or 'bus drive of several miles. On July 23, however, another link will have been added by the Great Eastern Railway Company to the chain connecting the pleasant sea-side places of Norfolk. The branch line which is now practically completed effects a direct rail communication between London and West Runton and Sheringham, three hours and thirteen minutes being the time allowed to reach the latter place. Through carriages are to be run on the principal Cromer expresses, and thus another Norfolk town is brought closer to the Metropolis. Later on, this branch line will be extended so as to link up Overstrand and Trimmingham on the eastern side of Cromer, so that even "the Garden of Sleep" will be within sound of the engine-whistle. The other day Mr. R. P. Ellis, the Superintendent of the line, took a party of visitors from London to Cromer in order that they might inspect this line. The journey was also the christening trip of a new train which has been specially constructed by the Great Eastern Railway Company for an improved and accelerated service for the Continent between Harwich, Parkeston Quay, and the North of England, via York. The train provides accommodation, including

restaurant-cars, for over 400 passengers, and saves from one to two hours on the run between Parkeston Quay and Sunderland, Durham, Darlington and Newcastle.

It is announced that from the opening of the Great Eastern Railway Company's new route on July 23, a luncheon-car will be attached on week-days to the 1.30 p.m. express from Liverpool Street to Cromer,



HOLIDAY HAUNTS: SHERINGHAM, NOW CONNECTED WITH THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

Mundesley, and Sheringham, and from the same date similar accommodation will be provided on the up journey by the 1 p.m. express ex Cromer, which is joined at North Walsham by trains leaving Sheringham at 12.36 p.m. and Mundesley at 12.47 p.m. Dining-cars are already running on the 4.55 p.m. train from Liverpool Street to Cromer, and a breakfast-car is attached to the 8 a.m. train from Cromer to London on week-days. The latter, from the 23rd inst., will be in connection with a train leaving Sheringham at 7.35 a.m., due into Liverpool Street at 11.25 a.m.

ART NOTES.

THE large gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is filled with pictures by Mr. Evert Moll and sculpture by the Countess Feodora Gleichen. Mr. Moll, a Dutchman of Scottish descent, who has done little exhibiting in London except at the International Society's shows, cannot be said to belong to any school of landscape. Occasionally his colour is French in character, his handling is most often Dutch, while the general impression made by the long array of canvases is not un-English. His most conspicuous successes have been made in England—in the centre of the capital. A view of St. Paul's from the river is in every respect the most important picture in the gallery. London sun filtering through London smoke timidly illuminates Wren's dome. It is the sunshine that does not fill the air; there is no sparkle in it; it is unobservable until it strikes some wall or chimney, spire or dome, but it is very true. In the foreground are the giant forms of Thames barges, invaluable in the composition. Did the world of painters wait for Whistler to discover the great uses of the barge? It is strange if so obvious a picture-property owes its place in modern art to so subtle a master.

The sculpture of the Countess Feodora Gleichen has a very potent claim to consideration—it has reserve. It is curious that while every sculptor, or book on sculpture, is full of the precepts of reserve, preaching and practice have so little in common that a visit to the sculpture-rooms at the Royal Academy reveals as many extremes of posture as a bout of Ju-jitsu. The Countess Feodora has shown real discrimination in her bronze of Kubelik, lent by Lady Palmer. No stone or metal could have expressed the frenzy of movement of the hands manipulating bow and violin through the swift passages of Paganini: this Kubelik in bronze pauses

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THIS WAS A MAN." —SHAKESPEARE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, nor to the most *precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN."—SMITH.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.

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'It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?'—Addison.

'There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian whose portal we call death.'—Longfellow.

INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.' —Goethe.

SUBSTANCES IN THE BLOOD THAT ARE HURTFUL AND INJURIOUS TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology:—

"Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of these excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should."

Were we to mention the many and various diseases caused or produced by blood poisoning, it would require more space than we have at command. To hinder the poison from gaining admission, you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various circumstances, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to take away all morbid poisons and supply that which promotes healthy secretions only by natural means. The chemical nature or antidotal power of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is to expel the foreign substance or render it inert (by natural means only). If we could maintain sufficient vital power we could keep the poison from doing any harm. That power is best attained by following the Rules for Life (see page 10 in Pamphlet), and using, according to directions, Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which by its healthy action keeps the secretions in perfect order only by soothing and natural laws, or in other words it is impossible to overstate its great power in preventing unnecessary suffering and disease.

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for a moment before striking wailful music from his violin, but the pause is full of suggestion of power, the long-fingered hands seem ready to search for sound—and capable. A charming head of a little girl, daughter of E. Wythes, Esq., executed in terracotta (but surely innocent of any crime!) is as admirable as the "Kubelik"; but the Countess Feodora is less successful when she is not making portraits. The bas-relief of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia has merit, but the "Artemis," a central figure for a fountain, and the "Satan" are less sure in conception and treatment. And yet there is a fierceness in the black bronze of the "Satan."

Mr. W. Henry Watson "of Cumberland," the catalogue obtrusively states, paints with more feeling and refinement than many an exhibitor in Bond Street. The Doré Gallery, one suspects, exhibits the works of an artist; but indeed one can but have a suspicion of this fact, so dimly lighted was the inner room in which the canvases in question hang. The mere suspicion is valuable; and in "Spring" the merit seems proven, the colour seems quite charming; no less in "Solitude," and in

"Snipe ground, and many a woodcock there," does the presence of merit seem to be established. We would suggest that Mr. Watson should be rather bolder in his methods, but are loth to advise any plan that might make his work less charmingly delicate.

Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, the British Impressionist, enthusiastically introduced Albert Lebourg's work to the English public. His prefatory note to the Leicester Galleries' catalogue of an exhibition of paintings by Boudin and Lebourg gains nothing by some colourless words of admiration of Lebourg from French critics. Mr. Dewhurst himself finds more enlightening words than "knowledge, charm, personality, sincerity." Mr. Dewhurst's prose is cheered by a real enthusiasm—reflected very thoroughly on Mr. Dewhurst's own canvases—which it is rather difficult to share on the strength of the present exhibition. The present exhibition, however, does not fully represent either artist. Not more than four of the Boudins are typical of his best manner, of his essential greyiness.

W. M.



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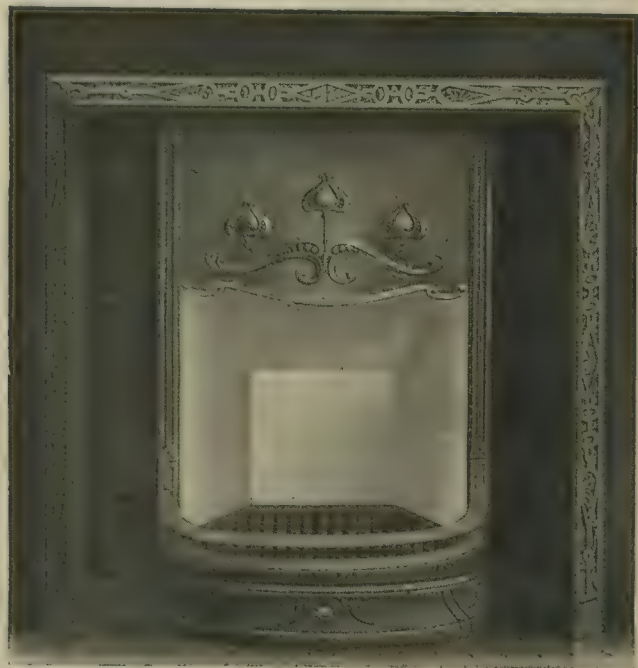
At an appropriate moment, the beginning of the holiday season, the North British Railway Company have introduced some welcome accelerations in their train services which cannot fail to prove a boon to travellers seeking to reach the most beautiful parts of Scotland by the easiest and most comfortable route. The most noteworthy of these is the reduction of the journey, between Edinburgh and Glasgow and Edinburgh and Perth to one hour, and between Edinburgh and Aberdeen to three hours, this last being one hour better than the previous quickest train. To the North British alone belongs the entire credit for these improvements, and new locomotives have been built.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PRINCE CHAP." AT THE CRITERION.

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show us his little heroine in the more childish stages of her career, her romping, coaxing tricks and precocious inquiries make some very charming scenes; but when Mr. Peple attempts drama, with the introduction of the hero's old sweetheart, who suspects Claudia's origins and wants to drive the child from her home, why then—we get no drama at all. Claudia requires three actresses to interpret her different stages of growth, and by all three of her representatives, little Miss Betty Green, little Miss Geraldine Wilson, and the popular Miss Janet Alexander, she is made an extremely winsome creature. Other agreeable features of the production are Mr. H. R. Roberts's neat and sympathetic portrait of the hero,

ordinarily the case in Capus comedies; but the gay, if rather artificial story of the pretty, coquettish young post-mistress who turns the heads of all the men in a small country town, young and old, marriageable and married, gives excellent opportunities to both players, more especially to Mlle. Thomassin. No more sprightly or dainty representative of the naughty Suzanne could be well imagined. M. Galipaux makes a very droll and withal attractive figure of the frivolous Viscount who captures, all unknowingly, Suzanne's heart.

By a curious coincidence, two European Queens in whom this country takes considerable personal interest have met with accidents on or about the same time. Owing to the unrest of a spirited horse on a bad road, Queen Maud of Norway had a narrow escape from an accident, and the Queen of Spain has also been in what might have been a carriage accident while driving with the King near the Palacio Real in Madrid: As the relations



Photo. Park.

THE LINER THAT COLLIDED WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES PIER, DOVER: THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

An order misunderstood in the engine-room caused a curious accident to the "Deutschland" on Saturday of last week. The vessel had embarked her passengers and mails at Prince of Wales Pier, and was being tugged out stern first when the hawser connecting her with the tugs broke. The order was given to go astern, but by some mistake she was made to go ahead, with the result that she struck the pier heavily and seriously injured her bows. It is understood that she is to be repaired at Liverpool at a cost of from £15,000 to £20,000.

warmer kind than merely paternal regard—the hackneyed fable, in short, of guardian and ward—is once more exploited in Mr. E. W. Peple's little play, "The Prince Chap," produced last Monday night at the Criterion. The piece hails from America, where it has achieved a pronounced success; and evidently, if we may judge by such recent examples as "Shore Acres" and "The Prince Chap," American audiences must be much less sophisticated, much more sentimental than our own. "The Prince Chap," indeed, plunges us into a very bath of sentimentality, and the worst of the piece is that it contains hardly any story after all, while such as there is is purely theatrical. So long as the author is content to

and a most amusing study of a maid-of-all-work supplied by Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

"LA PETITE FONCTIONNAIRE," AT THE ROYALTY.

This week two more clever artists from the Paris stage have been found at the new Royalty in happy combination—M. Felix Galipaux and Mlle. Jeanne Thomassin. The humour of the piece in which this couple made their London rentrée, "La Petite Fonctionnaire" of M. Capus, may be a little more far-fetched than is



Photo. Park.

THE MAN WHO BROKE CAPTAIN WEBB'S RECORD FOR A SWIM FROM DOVER TO RAMSGATE: MR. J. WOLFFE.

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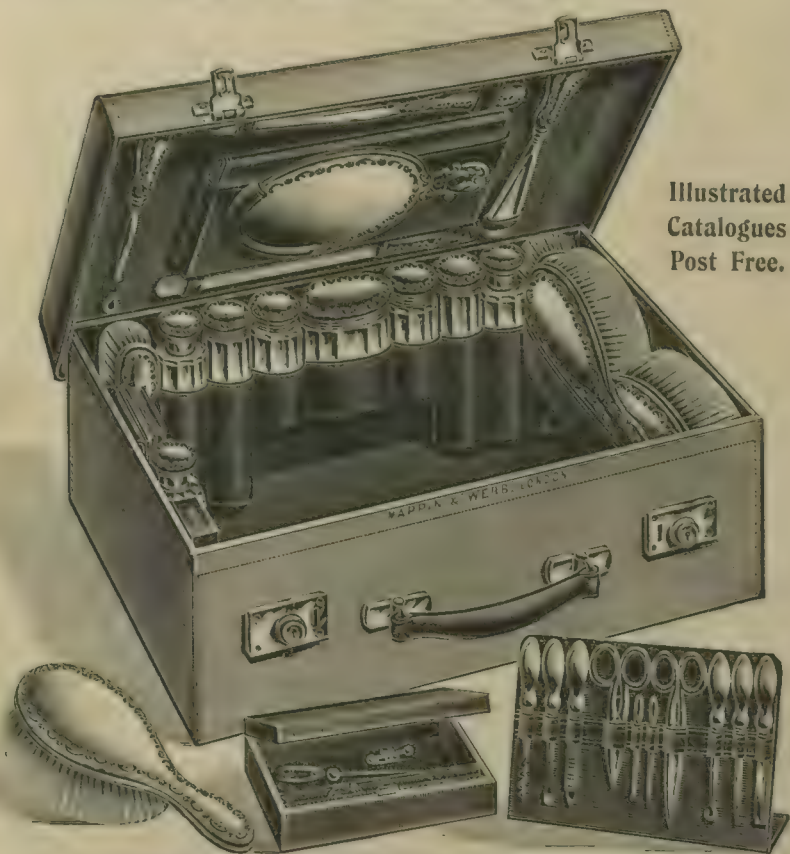
between various Courts of Europe and our Royal Family become closer and more intimate, our interests and sympathies travel farther and farther afield. Happily, neither Queen Maud nor Queen Victoria is the worse for what proved to be no more than a misadventure.

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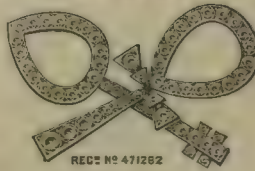
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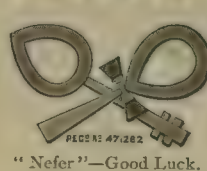
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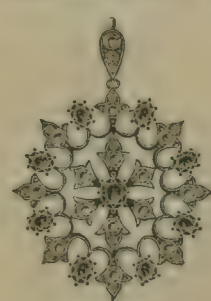
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"MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME IN DEED."

MUSIC.

SPECIAL interest attached to Madame Giachetti's appearance in "Madama Butterfly" last week. In the first place, *Fraulein Destinn* is still in London, and comparisons were inevitable; secondly, we know that Madame Giachetti is to share with Madame Melba the honours of the opera season that will open in October next, when Puccini's favourite opera will figure in the repertory. Moreover, Madame Giachetti is a fine actress, and made a very favourable impression last autumn when she appeared as *Madama Butterfly*, but she showed a tendency to strain her upper notes, with the result that their tone was sacrificed. It was of special interest to see whether her interpretation of the part would renew its appeal on the dramatic side, and whether the artist would rely sufficiently and with proper discretion upon her really beautiful *mezza-voce*.

The friends and admirers of the Neapolitan soprano were fully justified of their applause—Madame Giachetti made a very considerable success. Her *Butterfly* is no longer a purely Italian creation; the artist has studied Japanese movement and Japanese make-up, and has learnt much that was unknown, or at least unpractised, in the autumn of last year. The contrast between the happy girl of the first act and the broken-hearted woman of the last was most carefully led up to and completely justified. In her singing, too, Madame Giachetti treated her voice in fashion that was most skilful, avoiding a too full use of the high notes that sometimes revolt against the strain she puts upon them, and giving her voice full play in the music that is best able to reveal its beautiful quality. Madame Giachetti received invaluable assistance from Signor Campanini in the orchestra and from Caruso and Madame Giliert on the stage. A wonderful performance of "Aida," with Destinn in the title-role, and the revived "Don Giovanni" have been the special features of the past week, and a season that has been full of interest and has achieved even more than average success will come to an end on Thursday next.

Although the opening of the season was associated with disappointments, many of the German singers being indisposed at the eleventh hour, no trouble of this sort has been associated with June or July. The Italian singers have not failed upon any occasion, and the many

complications associated with endless rehearsal have all been dealt with as they have arisen, without prejudice to the evening programme. The work at Covent Garden runs so smoothly that few save those who happen to know the difficulties associated with the production of Grand Opera can hope to understand the full extent of the Management's achievement. No other Opera House attempts to mount so many works in twelve weeks.



Photo. Topical Press.

THE FIRST OF OUR NEW COASTAL DESTROYERS: H.M.S. "GADFLY."

H.M.S. "Gadfly" is the first of the five new coastal destroyers ordered in connection with last year's naval programme, and was launched recently from the Chiswick yard of Messrs. I. Thornycroft and Co., Limited. Her dimensions are: Length, 168 ft.; beam, 17 ft. 6 in.; draft, 5 ft. 11 in.; and the contract speed, 26 knots. Her armament will consist of two 12-pounder quick-firing guns and three torpedo-tubes.

The prospectus of the autumn opera season at Covent Garden is now issued, and among the novelties promised are Catalani's "Lorelei," Poncielli's "Giaconda," and Giordano's "Fedora." "La Giaconda's" claim to be regarded as a novelty is founded merely on a long absence from the London stage. "Mefistofele" and "André Chenier" will be given, in company with many old-established favourites. The season will run, for eight weeks from

the beginning of October, and the list of artists engaged, though at present it is incomplete, is quite a promising one. Signor Mugnone, who made such a favourable impression last autumn, has been re-engaged to direct the operas, and it is likely that Signor Zenatello will return.

To-night (21st) the Moody Manners Opera Company is to begin a season at the Lyric Theatre, and "Lohengrin," "Eugen Onegin," and the "Huguenots" are promised for the first week. Herr Richard Eckholdt and Signor Sapia will conduct, and the company engaged includes Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manners, Joseph O'Mara and Charles Magrath. Ordinary theatre prices will be charged, and the venture should be very welcome to those who are spending August in London, and have not been able to hear as much opera as they could wish to have heard during the past three months.

The concert season is coming rapidly to an end, but it was made notable last week by the appearance in London of the veteran Camille Saint-Saëns, who, for all his burden of more than seventy years, showed that neither his eye nor his brain has lost its cunning. He played the piano with a measure of skill and beauty that could hardly have been expected from a man so well advanced in years, and a new composition from his pen, a 'cello sonata, proved to be a skilled and effective piece of work. Although the programme of the concert was given up entirely to the work of M. Saint-Saëns, there was no lack of interest in it at any moment, perhaps because the veteran composer has received inspiration from every school and every master in turn. He has been influenced by both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and consequently his work is full of the most charming variety; even where it does not quite attain to strength it never loses sweetness. People are saying that in these days, when the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" can pass the censor, we ought to hear "Samson et Dalilah" in London, and it is an open secret that we can do so when the composer realises

that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and changes the names of the parts. It is a thousand pities that London may not enjoy a really beautiful work.

The programme of the promenade concerts at Queen's Hall is now completed. It is clear that the few millions that are left in town when London is declared, upon the high authority of the Society papers, to be empty will be well catered for.

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"DEVON" Fire

ARTISTIC—INEXPENSIVE—EFFICIENT.

Important Tests of Open Domestic Grates



carried out officially by the Smoke Abatement Society in conjunction with H.M. Office of Works, at the New Government Buildings in Parliament Street, London, see report in *Lancet*, May 19, 1906—

"As a final result of the whole of the tests the examiners find that of the grates submitted those of Messrs. Candy & Co., and two other firms are the best; showing practically equal results. The amount of coal consumed by these grates was found to be moderate in comparative proportion with temperature obtained; the fires were bright and clear."

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Baby, 6 1/2 months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
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The Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1 consists of fresh cow's milk scientifically modified so as to closely resemble human milk in composition. The excess of casein (indigestible curd) in the cow's milk has been removed, and the deficiency of fat and milk-sugar made good. The method of manufacture pasteurises the milk and absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. Thus a perfect substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health is promoted.

The "Allenburys' Foods" are alike suitable for the robust and delicate, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet. No starchy or farinaceous food should be given to an infant under six months of age, it is not only useless, for the young infant cannot digest starch, but is a frequent cause of illness and rickets.

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From birth to 3 months. From 3 to 6 months. From 6 months upwards.

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A REMARKABLE BOOK ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living" by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention the *Illustrated London News* in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 4, 1896) of MR. JOHN RUSSELL GUBBINS, of Bruree House, Bruree, Limerick, who died on March 20, has been proved by Patrick Joseph MacNamara, the value of the estate in England and Ireland amounting to £168,034. The testator gives Bruree House and lands and the furniture to his nephew John Norris Browning; £10,000 to his nephew David Roche Browning; £2000 each to the other children of his sister Mrs. Browning; £3000 to Wray Bury Palliser; £2000 to his sister Henrietta Dring; £2000 each to the children of his brother Thomas Wise Gubbins; £500 to his executor; £1000 each to his stewards, George Armstrong and Michael Burns; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he leaves to his two nephews, John Norris and David Roche.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1895) of MR. ALPHONSE HENRY STRAUSS, of 90, Lancaster Gate, Hyde

park, and 16, Rood Lane, E.C., who

died on June 14, was

proved on

July 9 by

Mrs. Hedwig

Strauss, the

widow, the

value of the

estate being

£296,221, all

of which he

leaves to

his wife abso-

lutely.

The will (dated

May 27, 1904) of

SIR WILLIAM

HUFFINGTON

FINDLATER, of 22,

Fitzwilliam Street,

Dublin, and Fern-

side, Killiney,

solicitor, who died

on April 16, has

been proved by

Alexander Find-

later Blood, K.C.,

and John Red-

mond Blood, the

nephews, George Robert Price, K.C., and Andrew

Armstrong, the value of the personal estate in the

United Kingdom being £128,143. He gave £10,000

each to his sons, William Alexander Victor, and

Percy St. George; £2000 per annum and the use of

his residences to his wife, and on her decease £6000 to her three children; £100 each to the Coombe Lying-in Hospital, the Hospital of Sir Patrick Dun, the Stewart Institution for maintaining and educating Idiotic



TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES IN EIGHT AND A QUARTER HOURS.

Mrs. C. Mitchell, of Huddersfield, on the 16 to 20 h.-p. Argyll which she drove from Glasgow to Huddersfield in the time named.

and Imbecile Children, the Molyneux Institution for the Female Blind, the Masonic Schools for Orphan Boys and Girls, the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, the National Lifeboat Institution, the Charitable Infirmary, the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, the Dublin Sailors' Home, and the Irish Law Clerks' Mutual Benefit Society; and many other legacies. One half of his residuary estate he leaves in trust for each of his sons.

The will (dated April 11, 1900), with three codicils, of MR. HENRY SALOMONSON, of Oaklands, Victoria Park, Manchester, whose death took place on April 29, has been proved by his sons, Godfrey David Salomonson, Maurice Bernard Salomonson, and Rudolph Hertzfeld Salomonson, the gross value of the estate being £383,522. The testator gives £2000 to his son Godfrey David; £1000 each to his sons Maurice Bernard, Rudolph Hertzfeld, Harry Lewis, and Charles Michael; £500 each to his daughters Kate Susannah Donnell, Sophia Matilda Barlow, and Maria Rose Helena Hoare, and £500 each to their husbands; £250 each to his daughters-in-law Katharine and Jessie Frances; and small legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for all his children.

The will (dated May 22, 1903) of MR. FRANCIS WILLIAM WEBB, of Red Lodge, Parsonage Road, Bournemouth, late engineer to the North-Western Railway, who died on June 4, was proved on June 30 by the Rev. Arthur Henry Webb and Walter George Webb, the brothers, Arthur Griffiths Hill, and Claud de J. Andrewes, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £211,543. The testator gives £10,000 for a Nursing Institution at Crewe; £3000 each to St. John the Baptist Mission Church, St. Paul's Church, and Christ Church, all at Crewe; £2000 to University College Hospital; £2000 each to Owens College, Manchester, and University College, Liverpool, for scholarships for employes of the North-Western Railway Company; £1000 each to the Men's Convalescent Home, Rhyl, the Devonshire Hospital at Buxton, the Manchester Royal Eye Hospital, the Railway Servants' Orphanage, Derby, the Institute of Civil Engineers for a Webb medal and premium of books for the best paper on railway machinery, and £1000 to their Benevolent Fund; and £500 to the Royal Albert Asylum, Lancaster.

He also gives £30,000 each to his brothers; £2000 each to his executors; £3000 to Arthur Griffiths Hill; £5000 each to his friends James Aikman and George Robert Jebb; and £5000 to his nephew William D. G. Webb. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves for the foundation and maintenance of an Orphanage at Crewe, for orphans of employes of the London and North-Western Railway Company.

The will (dated July 12, 1899) of CAPTAIN HENRY TIMSON, of Tatchbury Mount, Fotton, Southampton, who died on March 12, was proved on June 29 by Henry



Photo. Cooper and Humphreys.

PRESENTED TO H.M.S. "LONDON" BY CITIZENS OF LONDON.

The presentation is a replica of the famous Bow bell, and forms a full-toned ship's bell in bell metal. It is on view at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's City house, 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

nephews, George Robert Price, K.C., and Andrew Armstrong, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom being £128,143. He gave £10,000 each to his sons, William Alexander Victor, and Percy St. George; £2000 per annum and the use of

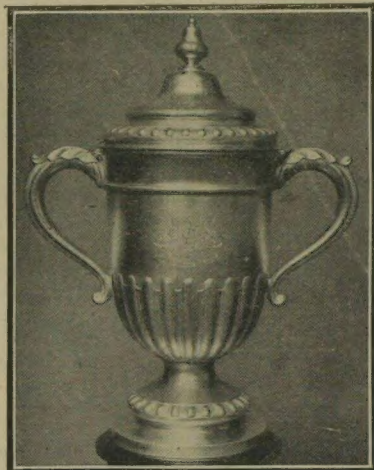


Photo. Campbell.

NEWSPAPER DAY AT BISLEY: THE "TELEGRAPH" CUP.

Four marksmen tied for the cup and first four places. Each made thirty-five. The cup is the work of Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, 62, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

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Specialists in the Manufacture of Dressing Bags and Cases.

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This design is of a Lady's Case of Hogskin, Leather Fittings, and lining of Polished Hogskin. Brushes and Toilet Fittings are of plain burnished Silver of Best London Make. A feature of cases of our manufacture is their LIGHT WEIGHT.



"The GRADIENT"

Knickerbocker Hose
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For Men and Boys.

Graduated Legs, Thin Feet.

The only Hose made from a Taper spun yarn. Perfect fit, good wear. The only perfect Stocking made.

Heavy weight for Sportsmen,

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Write to the makers for addresses of Agents.

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Don't blame the cook

if you can't eat.

Try Plasmon Custard,
Plasmon Blanc Mange,
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Brimful of Nourishment.
Delicious with fruit.

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"Take this back, please! I must have

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

"Cherry Blossom" is the Ideal Polish for personal use. Ladies prefer it; they will have none other. Gives an exquisitely radiant and lasting lustre to all boots, black or brown. Economical in use, and does not soil the clothes. Tins 2d., 4d., 6d. Outfits 1s. From grocers, bootmakers, leather merchants, &c.

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METAL POLISH.

In daily use everywhere. A boon in the home. Gives a mirror-like face to all metals. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. From Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

Send for DAINY FREE SAMPLE of both polishes and also of Chiswick Carpet Soap which cleans all carpets without taking them up. Enclose id. stamp to cover postage.

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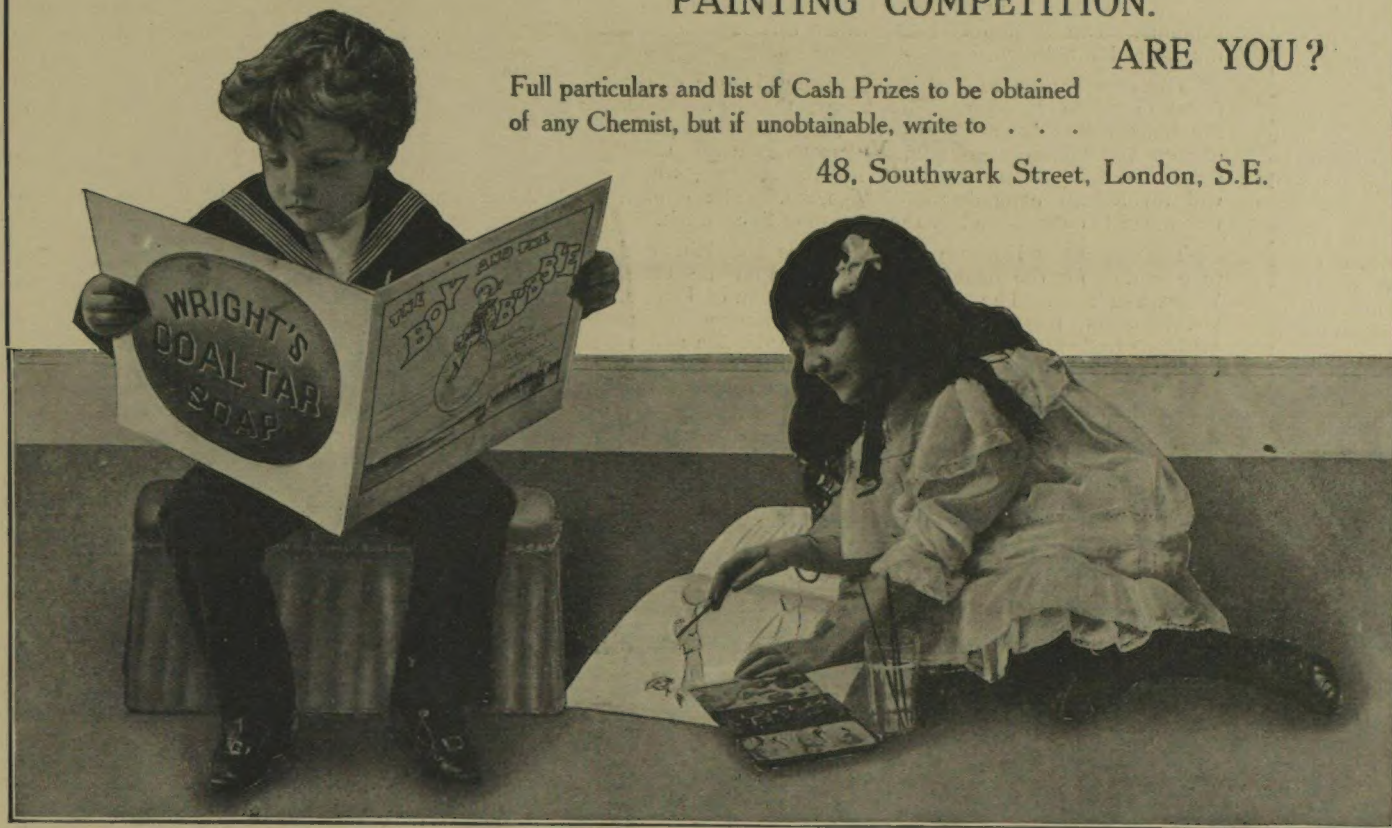


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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
IS NOT a dye.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.



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JOHN TAYLOR & CO., GLASGOW, LTD., KIRKCALDY, SCOTLAND.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,
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to
H.M. The King.

CEREBOS SALT

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A pinch of Salt gives flavour, but a pinch of CEREBOS Salt gives Strength and Health as well; because it contains the bran phosphates which make the difference between White Bread and Whole Meal Bread.

By Appointment



to H.R.H. The
Prince of Wales.



WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK



Thomas Timson, the son, General William Windham, Augustus Lukin, and Frederick Cartledge Crowther, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £122,714. The testator gives certain farms and lands at Southampton and Foxton, Leicester, to his son; £300 and the furniture and live and dead stock to his wife; £200 each to his executors; 15s. per week to his gardener, Edward Herbert; and £100 per annum each to his daughters during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Timson. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife while she remains his widow, or an annuity of £300 should she again marry, and subject thereto he gives his property in Lancashire to his daughters, and the ultimate residue to his son.

MR. FRANK PARISH, of 5, Gloucester Square, Chairman of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Company, who died on the 2nd of May last, left a fortune of £129,329 gross and £128,896 net. By his will of June 2, 1905, he gave to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Greenlaw Parish, £500, his leasehold house and furniture, and the income from £50,000, to sink into the residue at her decease. He also gave legacies to members of his family and his executors, and to servants, and £5000 to the British Hospital, Buenos Ayres. All other his estate he left to his wife for life and then upon trusts for his sons and daughter and their families.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Worcester is making Hartlebury Castle a diocesan centre, both for work and rest. He has invited Church helpers to come freely into his beautiful grounds. The Bishop is going away this month for a much-needed holiday.

The new church at Tooting Graveney is one of the finest in South London. The Vicar, the Rev. J. O. Stephens, began his work in a tent, and has now seen a church and vicarage erected, a clergy house and other buildings being also provided in the scheme, which will involve an expenditure of £50,000. The church was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Southwark.

The diocese of Durham maintains five chaplains and nine readers for the benefit of the seamen on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees. The new Bishop-Suffragan of Jarrow, Dr. Nickson, has accepted a vice-presidency of the Missions to Seamen. The excellent organisation of this work is largely owing to the efforts of the late Bishop Lightfoot and his successors in the see of Durham.

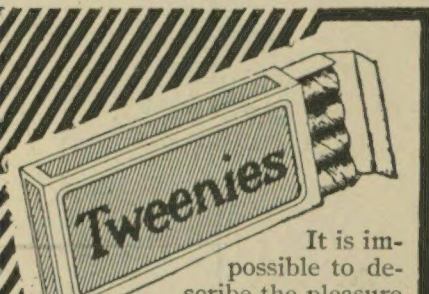
The Bishop of Rangoon, who has been visiting England, and is now on his return voyage, has secured the services of two very able helpers. One is the Rev. Wilfred R. Menzies, B.A., now in charge of the Rossall

Mission; the other is the Rev. C. E. Garrad, M.A., Vice-Principal of the Clergy Training School, Cambridge, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester. In the Church of England there is a steadily growing readiness of good men to offer themselves for the mission field.

Writing in his Diocesan Magazine, the Bishop of London suggests that questions on important points of religion should be sent to the editor, Prebendary Glendinning Nash. The Vicar of Christ Church, Woburn Square, was, it will be remembered, Christina Rossetti's parish clergyman and one of her most valued friends.

A new church at Peking is to be built as a thank-offering for the twenty-five years' episcopate of Bishop Scott. The chancel will be erected as a memorial to the late Deaconess Jessie Ransome, by whose death the Church in the Chinese capital sustained a heavy loss.

The Rev. Alexander Connell will enter in a few weeks on his ministry as successor to Ian Maclaren at Sefton Park, Liverpool. Dr. Watson has sent him a very cordial message of welcome. At the July meeting of the London Presbytery, Dr. Monro Gibson and Dr. Meharry paid cordial tributes to the great service which Mr. Connell has rendered to the Presbyterian Church in England.



It is impossible to describe the pleasure that comes from smoking Tweenies. You must try them for yourself. They are more than a cigarette. They are less than a cigar. Their quality is that of a choice shilling Havana, because every leaf that is used in the manufacture of Tweenies would have been used for shilling cigars had it been a little larger.

Tweenies are, therefore, shilling cigars in 1½d. size. They are supplied to the House of Lords, and may be bought from all tobacconists. BUT be sure they are Tweenies!

Tweenies
As supplied to the House of Lords.
8 for 1/-
The shilling-quality cigar in 1½d. size.
In 3d., 6d. and 1/- packets; also in boxes of 100 for 12/6.

Of all tobacconists, or from
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"KUPFERBERG'S"
SPARKLING
BERNCASTLER

"Kupferberg's" Sparkling Berncastler, now obtainable, is an exceedingly fine, dry Moselle wine, made only from the best grapes grown in the Berncastler vineyards. Every bottle bears the "Kupferberg" full brand and label.

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60s. per dozen bottles.

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Reading	11 20		Victoria (S.E. & C.R.)	9 40	

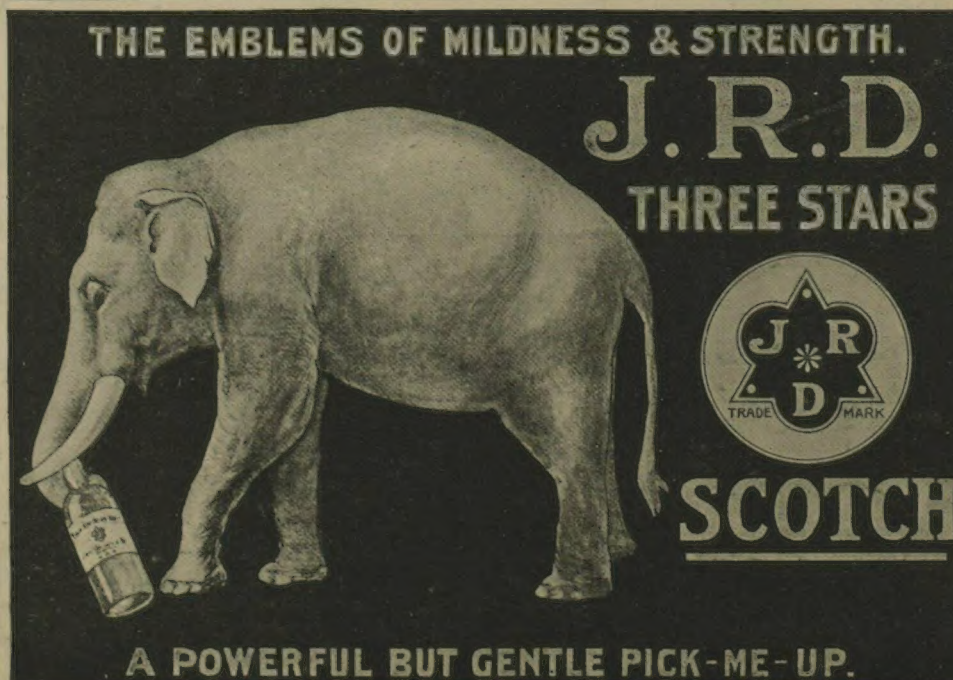
Calling at Battersea, Chelsea and Fulham, West Brompton, Addison Road, and Uxbridge Road in each direction.

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THE EMBLEMS OF MILDNESS & STRENGTH.

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THREE STARS



SCOTCH

A POWERFUL BUT GENTLE PICK-ME-UP.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS
SPEEDILY REMOVED BY BATHS WITH CUTICURA SOAP AND GENTLE APPLICATIONS OF CUTICURA.

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and bathe freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable.

HOVENDEN'S
"EASY" HAIR CURLER

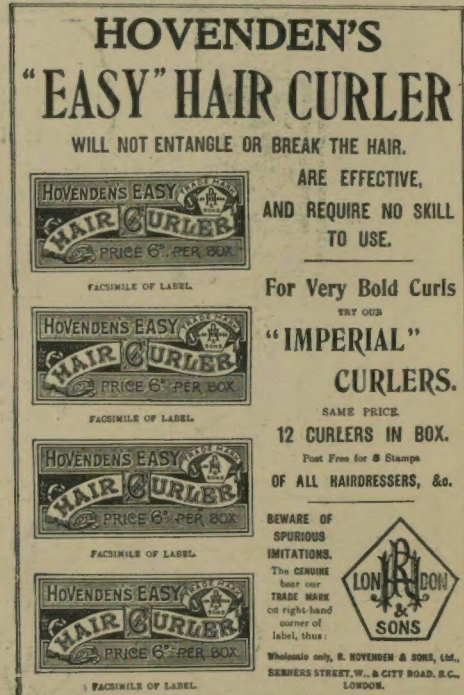
WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE, AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls
TRY OUR
"IMPERIAL" CURLERS.

SAME PRICE
12 CURLERS IN BOX.
Post Free for 8 Stamps
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

Beware of spurious imitations. The genuine bear our TRADE MARK on right-hand corner of label, thus:



Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.,
LONDON.

For
Complexion Troubles
due to Heat.

—for freckles, sunburn, heat-spots, you cannot use a better or pleasanter remedy than

Rowland's Kalydor
"For Your Skin."

Rowland's Kalydor is most soothing, healing, and refreshing. It readily removes all blemishes caused by heat—it makes your complexion white, clear, velvety and healthy. This preparation cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist, 2/3 and 4/6. ROWLAND & SONS, 67, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder
For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

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The Silent Sunbeam made an absolute non-stop run, without the slightest hitch of any description.

This is the Third year in which the Silent Sunbeam has taken part in these trials without losing a single mark.

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PROTECTION FROM TYPHOID